

# THE ECLECTIC.

## I.

### RICHARD BAXTER.\*

THIS volume is a beautiful reprint of one of Baxter's most earnest and characteristic works. It is a kind of book not only never produced now, but as seldom read as produced. Our religious reading is of quite another order—we dare not say of a better. Beyond most writers, Baxter's words are 'dividers asunder of the soul and the spirit,' of the mind and the conscience, 'of the joints and the marrow,' frames and feelings, mere religious order and sensibility, 'they are discerners of the thoughts and the intents of the heart;' and the volume before us is a very fine and noble specimen of Baxter's whole manner. We always hail with delight, and give our heartiest commendation to, a reprint like this, in which everything belonging to an old edition has all the advantages of the modern setting. Such reprints, also, leave us free; they do not compel a further wandering into the forest of folios or octavos. Yet, we cannot have too much of Baxter; his mind and writings would meet many of our modern difficulties. His varied and competent scholarship, even in its very desultoriness, how cogent it is, even in his bewildered metaphysical wanderings is intense earnestness. Again, we say, we cannot have too much of Baxter. We are not concerned greatly to furbish the links of his peculiar theological system; but of all the masters of that great age, there is not one whom we may more truly speak of as 'a workman needing not to be ashamed.'

Every reader, however slightly acquainted with the writings of Sir Walter Scott, must be perfectly familiar with 'Old Mortality.' At the close of the last century there lived an old man in Scotland named Robert Patterson. He had worked as a

---

\* *The Crucifying of the World by the Cross of Christ.* By Richard Baxter. A Fac-Simile of the Original Edition of 1658. Edited by the Rev. John Baillie, author of the 'Memoirs of Hewitson,' &c. James Nisbet and Co.

stonemason, and had made money enough, not to keep himself in luxury, but to be above want. And as he descended into the valley of years, in what way, think you, he occupied his time? Why, in travelling over the whole of Scotland in visiting the kirkyards, with his chisel and stonemason's tools, to retouch the names of the Scottish martyrs upon the stones erected to their memory. It cannot be unknown to you how many thousands fell for the faith 'once delivered unto the saints' in the dark and bloody days of Charles II., and his brother in blood, guilt, cowardice, and crime, James II. The Scotch were hunted like the partridge among the mountains. The children of light and of the covenant fell by the highway side, in lonely glens, in dark and solitary caves, on the wide and heathery moorland, in the valleys among the hills. There were few places where the bloodhounds of Claverhouse, 'The Bonny Dundee,' did not track them in their silent gatherings. And there, holy teachers, young disciples, men, women, or infants at the breast—there they fell. Years after their death, when the stones above their dust became worn by time and age, the Lord put it into the heart of this 'Old Mortality' to visit all the scenes of their persecution and their martyrdom; and where the tooth of time had eaten away the name from the stone, he retraced and replaced it with his chisel. He took nothing for his labour; this was his offering to God; he followed it as if consecrated to it by a sacramental vow, as if called to it by the God of the martyred Covenanters; and we should not wonder if it were quite as acceptable as a speech at Exeter Hall. Thus, from place to place he passed. Most of these tombs were very lonely, sometimes not in the neighbourhood of a kirk at all, but a battle-place, solitary, among the desolate moors and tarns. To and fro, from village to village, he moved as silent, usually as speechless, as a ghost. Embosomed among the mountains, perhaps at the foot of a kirk turret, amidst a crowd of heaving graves, over which had been shed the tears of the villagers for many generations, there was *one*, the sepulchre of a martyr; to *that one* grave, neglecting all the rest, 'Old Mortality' beat his footsteps, to perform the part that God had given him to perform, towards keeping 'the righteous in everlasting remembrance.' The stray wanderer, in the midst of desolation so wild that it might be supposed that lamb never bleated there, nor aught of life was ever known, save the flight of the wild heath fowl, was surprised to hear the noise of a hammer and a chisel, till at last he reached the spot, hitherto concealed by some gentle undulation, and beheld 'Old Mortality' at work on the martyr's tombstone. That lonely spot was venerable even for more than the solemn mountain, or the thunder of its torrents, or the scream of its wild birds. On



that grass, ages since, holy men had shed their blood as witnesses for 'the truth as it is in Jesus.' Or in some hushed highland village, far remote from city spire or minster clock, the wondering inhabitants, the children, and their parents, gathered with surprise around the old man, who told them in his simple way the history of some brave, holy heart, whose memory he sought to perpetuate; some deeds of true-hearted piety; some life consecrated to the last; a life not to be lost sight of when the cottage crumbled, or the generation to which it belonged had passed away. So did 'Old Mortality' pass his time; so sped he on with his hammer and chisel, from solitude to solitude, moving silently himself as a shadow; exciting no attention; not concerned to awaken any observation, or to repress it, but with noiseless and unostentatious dignity preserving the memorials on the graves of the holy dead; garnishing with reverent simplicity the sepulchres of the prophets. We like to think of him, with his large, strangely-shaped blue bonnet, and his coarse, old-fashioned coat of hodden grey; his strong clouted shoon, and, by his side, his companion in his journeys, his ancient pony, a kind of four-legged 'Old Mortality' too, fastened to a gravestone, and quietly feeding there till his master had brought into a new light the obliterated text of Scripture, the martyr's name, and mode of his death. And if it be mournful that the 'righteous should perish and no man lay it to heart;' if the impassioned wail of sorrow goes up in a cry to God for 'help,' when the 'godly man ceaseth;' if the death of God's saints is precious in his eyes, and the bones that lie beneath the altar have a vocal sanctity and power,—perhaps it may be found in the day when the thrones are set, and the books opened, that that old poor man, in his palmer pilgrimages to and fro among the brooding hills, in the memories he awakened of the sainted and the martyred dead, preached sermons so impressive, led a life of spiritual silence and sanctity so useful, although so hushed, that prelates, popes and princes, in their pomp of lawn, mitre, and purple, may wish to change places with 'Old Mortality.'

To the times which 'Old Mortality' sought to commemorate, belongs Richard Baxter; and we may be sure that had Richard lived in Scotland, 'Old Mortality' would have been especially careful that the name of such a champion should not perish, albeit differing from him in some and many points of doctrine and of church discipline. We are neither about to attempt any perfect outline of the life of Baxter, nor any compendious or lengthened illustrations of his labours, nor any digest of his times and age. We are just going to be an 'Old Mortality;' to rear

before our reader's eye, for a few moments, an honoured and not sufficiently-remembered tombstone, to re-cut the glorious name dimly seen upon it. We regret we cannot inscribe it in golden letters. It is a task we love. We love to live in the neighbourhood of those dear men, their books, their shrines. To our own taste and affections, of all works, the most delightful would be to build the sepulchres of the fathers. Is it not a sweet work to walk through the modern Machpelahs, and turn aside the too heavy and cumbrously-clustering ivy from the graves of Abraham or Sarah?

‘E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires.’

We cannot walk amidst the graves of the sainted and the holy dead without in some measure imbibing their spirit. There is life in the dust of the holy dead. The yew-trees round their graves thrill with voices and invocations. ‘Thy dead men shall live, together, with my dead body shall they arise. As it is written, awake and sing ye that dwell in the dust, and your dew shall be as the dew of herbs.’

We have not been desirous to speak about Baxter because we are prepared to give to his life unqualified sympathy, but rather because we can give to him almost unqualified admiration. In reading the lives of great men, and especially good men, we are quite as delighted to meet with those from whom we differ, as with those with whom we agree. The unanimity and uniformity of opinion is by no means charming to us, any more than a forest is enchanting to us because planted with only one kind of tree. The rough and tough and gnarled oak is very noble, but the beautiful lady birch is very graceful; the shady and stem-clad elm is very bold and suggestive, and the yew is very sombre and gloomy. The silvery beech is sweet and lovely to the eye, but the wind will even make better music in the poplar, the pine, or the fir. Why should we be permitted to love variety in a forest and not be permitted to admire it in men and minds—we must and we will. The dear and holy Baxter would not find much favour with some of us. Like the rest of us he was a ‘bundle of contradictions.’ Many of his notions would be especially unpalatable. He was a living paradox in many things; and now that the times are so long deceased, we can quite enjoy the joke of the dialogue written by that arch and wicked old abusive Tory plotter, Sir Roger Le'Estrange, called, ‘A dispute between Richard and Baxter,’ in which our friend was made to contradict and quarrel with himself very queerly. But, then, what a brave heart he had; what dauntless faithfulness to his convictions; what heroism, and what zeal. He looks like the last of the Apostles—

at least, like the last of the Fathers. He was Abelard and Bernard in one. Refusing to be called a Nonconformist, Richard Baxter is certainly the Augustine of Nonconformity.

In the variety and the heroism of his labours, certainly, his was a bright life in dark times. Those times comprehend three remarkable periods. There was the period of prerogative and absolutism beneath James I., and Charles I., when he was born and educated. There was the period of freedom, beneath Cromwell. There was the period of corruption and chartered profligacy, beneath Charles II. There was the period of bloody and remorseless persecution, beneath the last of the Stuarts. Baxter lived through all, and died just as the history of England was opening to a brighter and better age. We shall be compelled to make a cursory remark on these times as we pass along, for Baxter was very intimately related to all. He was born at High Ercall, in Shropshire, beneath the age of prerogative, in the reign of James I. 'The word of the Lord was precious in those days—there was no open vision;' and yet there was about those times what to many modern tastes would be a pleasant picture. For instance, the father of Richard Baxter was a Puritan, and his eyes were sorely grieved to behold the May-pole set up before his door, the scene of the wild gaiety of those times, every sabbath day; indeed Baxter was only two years old when 'The Book of Sports' was published, giving leave for these recreations every sabbath evening. Every clergyman was commanded to read it from the pulpit, and those who refused to do so were punished, as we know, in the Star Chamber. Golden times those for the Anti-Sabbath League. There was another feature about those days very interesting, we should think, to a large-minded, bold, unflinching, and high-principled statesman, like Earl Russell, for instance; there was, we are led to see, but little voluntaryism in that day. Standing some time since on the floor of the House of Commons, his lordship is reported to have said, 'You have been trying voluntaryism for one hundred and fifty years, and it has failed.' In the way of education, two hundred years since, and a little earlier, when Baxter was a boy, they had been trying something else than voluntaryism, *and that had failed*. The account we have had of Baxter's schoolmasters is rather a rich episode in the history of education. His tutors seem to have been the curates of the rector of High Ercall and Eaton Constantine; at the first place there were four readers in six years—all of them ignorant—and two immoral men. At Eaton Constantine, his patrimonial home, the rector was Sir William Rogers (all clergymen then had the title of knighthood); he was eighty years of age, quite blind. He had two livings, twenty



miles apart. He never preached, but repeated the prayers, as well as he could, from memory. He employed persons to read the lessons—one year a common labourer, the next year a tailor; and at last his son, who was a celebrated gambler, and clever stage player, took Orders, and so one of the places was supplied. Most of the neighbouring priests were of a similar character. One of the curates of the old rector was Baxter's principal schoolmaster. He had been a lawyer, but was so notorious a drunkard that he could not maintain himself in that profession, and so turned curate; he succeeded another curate, who was turned away because officiating with forged Orders. Baxter only heard his schoolmaster preach once, and then he was drunk. His next instructor was a grave and eminent man, but Baxter says, in two years he never instructed him one hour. A curious beginning all this in the way of education for one of the greatest teachers of the world and the church; and perhaps by the negligence of his teachers his attainments were retarded; and Baxter never entered any college. When Anthony Wood asked him if he were an Oxonian, he replied, with a mingling of humour, simplicity, and dignity, 'As to myself, my faults are no disgrace to any university, for I was of none. I have little but what I had out of books, and inconsiderable helps of country tutors; weakness and pain helped me to study how to die, *that* set me on studying how to live, and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives and comforts; beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees, and now am going to see that for which I have lived and studied.' Scholars have laughed ever since at his bad Latin, and his mangled Classics; but Baxter was one for whom colleges and scholarship would have done little. The university in which he graduated was the human mind; and in that university he took high honours indeed. His reading was awful, prodigious! His circumnavigations of the mighty seas and shores of thought still more awful. Of all scholars he looks like the ancient mariner. We are most familiar with that sharp, pinched face, from the later days of his life—his humourless eye and cheek—his calm, tranquil expression—his nose, so indicative of power among spirits, so *little* indicative of power among men. Even on the paper, from the mere copperplate,

‘He holds us with his glittering eye,  
We cannot choose but hear;  
And thus speaks on the ancient man,  
That bright-eyed Mariner.’

Listen to what this ancient mariner says of his reading:—

I have looked over Hutton, Vives, Erasmus, Scaliger, Salmasius,

Causaubon, and many other critical grammars, and all Grater's critical volumes. I have read almost all the Physics and Metaphysics I could hear of. I have wasted much of my time among loads of historians, theologians, and antiquarians. I despise none of their learning—all truth is useful. Mathematics, which I have least of, I find pretty and manlike sport; but if I had no other kind of knowledge than these, whatever my understanding is worth, what a dreaming dotard should I be! I have higher thoughts of the schoolmen than Erasmus, and our other grammarians had. I much value the method and *sobriety* of *Aquinas*, the subtlety of Scotus and Ockham, the plainness of Durandus, the solidity of Ariminensis, the profundity of Bradwardine, the excellent acuteness of many of their followers,—of Aureolus, Capreolus, Bannes, Alvarez, Zumel, &c.—of Mayro, Lychetus, Trombeta, Faber, Meurisse, Rada, &c.—of Ruiz, Pennattes, Saurez, Vasquez, &c.—of Hurtado, of Albertinus, of Lud-a-Dola, and many others. But how loth I should be to take such sauce for my food, and such recreations for my business! The jingling of too much false philosophy among them often drowns the music of Aaron's bells. I feel myself better in Herbert's Temple.'

Well, in due time, Baxter became a minister of the Church of England, and narrowly escaped censure and inspection for not signing the sign of the cross in baptism, and sundry other derelictions of duty. But Charles I. had soon something else to look after than the sign of the cross in the ordinance, the surplice in preaching, and the like. In 1642, while Baxter was preaching at Alcester on the Lord's Day, the preacher and the people were startled in their seats and pews by the thunder of the cannon at Edge Hill. The king and the Parliament had come to battle there. We should think the people listened rather impatiently to the preacher; but, from the mode of Baxter's narrative, we believe he shortened his sermon not a minute, although the war was at the gates. As they left the church in the afternoon, the sound of the guns came rolling still more audibly, and as the sun set, the soldiers came flying through the town, with reports of various success, some the routing of Prince Rupert, and some of Essex. The next morning the preacher, with many thoughts which we may conceive, visited the field, and then he determined on himself becoming a teacher, and preaching in the army. He began by preaching in the garrison, and at the Governor's house; and after that he entered the Parliamentary army, and followed it in its various marchings. Cromwell, whose eye was omnific to seize on good and useful men, invited him first. But Baxter refused this invitation, for he was neither with King nor Parliament; he believed, like many other simple hearts, that the Parliament was really fighting for the King, to liberate the King from the hands of

his enemies, as the High Church party was regarded. He always gave a glance askant at the towering and rough form of Cromwell, who subsequently received Baxter when he entered the army, as we are told, very coolly. We can well imagine him casting a suspicious eye from under those deep, awful, shaggy, beetling brows, at the almost ghostlike Puritan preacher. Baxter in the Parliamentary army—a singular place for the author of the ‘*Saint’s Everlasting Rest*.’ But that army was not altogether what we would at first thought conceive it; it was not the residence of wild licentiousness of speech and behaviour; it was the camp of the Hebrews with Joshua at the head, before the rolling Jordan. Indeed, Baxter was rather desirous of reclaiming from heresy than from profligacy; and, especially, he was desirous of preaching things unpalatable to Cromwell; on which point of duty we, for our part, are very glad he altered his convictions, since we plainly see, our Lord General would have stood no nonsense of that sort. ‘All this while,’ says he, ‘I came not near Cromwell;’ but his designs were visible. When the brunt of the war was over, he headed the war with anabaptists, antinomians, seekers, and separatists; the sober part were carried by his profession, that ‘he only proposed the universal interest of the godly.’ Baxter heartily disliked Cromwell, but it is remarked, all the words he can say against him turn into eulogies. We are glad, however, that he did not seek to plot or cabal against the General, which he evidently at one time intended; in that case, we are afraid, the daring Cromwell would have thought very little of leading poor Richard out to the head of the regiment, and making an end of fifty embryo folios, which were lying unpublished in his head there. To Cromwell himself you might say anything, but he did not tolerate the hatchings of conspiracy.

Strange times those;—all people’s minds were in a ferment about religion—all in the army were disputers. Baxter relates a circumstance which gives us a hint of the times. When he was quartered at Agmondesham, in Buckinghamshire, some sectaries of Chesham had set up a public meeting for conference, to propagate their opinions. He says:—‘They were determined to meet with their leader, one Mr. Bramble, in the church. The public talking-day came, and no little excitement was caused. Bethels, troopers, and other sectarian soldiers, must be there to confirm the Chesham men, and make them believe the army was for them.’ This was a fine opportunity for Baxter; he lived in controversy; he was as passionless as a stone; his tongue was a forty-volume lexicon, and his head the realm of all fine-spun logical distinctions, from the whole continent of the schoolmen. We would like to have been at that tournament in Agmondesham church; ‘for,’ says



Baxter, 'I thought it my duty to be there, and I took divers sober officers with me, to let the sectaries see that more of the army were against than for them. I took the reading-desk (pulpit), and Pitchford's cornet and soldiers took the gallery. And there I found a crowded congregation of poor, well-meaning, simple people, who came in the simplicity of their hearts to be deceived. Then did the leader of the Chesham men begin, and afterwards Pitchford's soldiers let in; and I alone disputed against them from morning till (almost) night; for I knew their trick; I knew that if I had gone out first, they would have prated what boasting words they listed when I was gone, and made the people believe they had baffled me, or got the best, therefore I stayed it out till they first rose, and went away.' We think that incident is not only biographical, it is historical, it illustrates those times; regiments of soldiers all interested in the grave disputes of religion, whatever their opinions, was certainly a marvellous sight, strange to the world, and quite an evidence of the temper and character of the people who did not belong to the army.

As coolly as he sat in the reading-desk while Bramble was talking, or when Pitchford's soldiers 'let in,' so coolly did Baxter wait on the steps of Cromwell's army in its wanderings. His travels over England were very great. We do not fancy he shook at all when he heard the guns at Exeter, at Winchester, or at Salisbury, or Bristol. We admire in Baxter his cool intrepidity—'None of these things move *me*!' It is extraordinary that a mind so accustomed to abstract speculation always alighted on the nearest duty, and he followed that; he neither sympathized with the Parliamentary army, nor Cromwell. True, he had more fellow-feeling with them than with the army of the King—so he said to them,—'Give me only food, and convey me from place to place, and I will stay and preach among you, and rouse godless hearts.' This we admire in him; he had none of the modern fantastic frivolity which refuses to serve God if the devil looks at us. He did his duty. He did not wait for opportunities; he made them. His heroism was of the cool order. It is not what you admire so much, but it is what lasts. There was nothing showy about him—writing or speaking, he did nothing for effect; nay, he had so little shrewdness—never, indeed, any worldly wisdom—that we, for our part, were never more amazed than when at Agmondesham we saw him step into the reading-desk, as the only sure way of discomfiting those Pitchford's soldiers. He would hold an argument while the cannon was rolling, and keep up the debate amidst the uproars of the siege. He did not know fear, and so he walked right on; there was no heroic step in his gait—no defiant brilliancy in his eye. He did things, as we said just

now, because they lay in his way, with that dear simplicity which you love, because it is able to make mistakes—able to get into mischief—able to err, and, therefore, surely allied to our weak, frail humanity.

Perfectly calm and fearless, some of us would, perhaps, rather stand before a cannon than the blazing eye, and scarred and seamed brow of a mighty human Titan—a Cromwell, for instance. But cannon or Cromwell were both alike to Baxter. We believe the one made no more impression on him than the other. Fearlessness—that was one of the most prominent traits of his character; simple self-collectedness. He saw Cromwell, of course, repeatedly; and after his usurpation, Baxter preached before him, and from what we know of the sermon, he told the Protector a great number of things not likely to be pleasant. ‘But,’ says Baxter, ‘they put it up.’ But Cromwell liked to look at a man—to sound him. That shrewd grey eye would see the deep nobleness of Richard’s soul; and in a day or two the Protector sent for him for a long and serious conversation. It was an interview characteristic enough of both soldier and divine. It is plain that Cromwell valued Baxter, and desired to attach him to his interest. There were present Lord Broghill, Lambert, and Thurlow. Cromwell began a long speech, in the midst of which, says Baxter, Lambert fell fast asleep. The general, nothing heeding, talked on about the providence of God in the change of government, and the great things done lately by England in Spain and Holland. ‘When he had wearied us by talking for nearly an hour—talking very slowly—I told him it was too great a condescension to acquaint me so fully with all these matters, which were above me; but I told him that we took our ancient monarchy to be a blessing, and not an evil to the land; and humbly craved his patience that I might ask him how England had forfeited that blessing, and to whom the forfeiture was made.’ Did we not say he was fearless? Why, Richard, Richard; man—art thou mad? After that, would he fear to throw a match in a powder mine? Sleepy Lambert is wide awake now; and Cromwell, upon that question, awakened in some passion; at which, whatever were the sentiments of Mr. Baxter, who thought Cromwell should have taken it more coolly, we think the reader will not be surprised. But it is very surprising that he and Baxter continued debating for four or five hours. But Cromwell had not done with him yet; he sent for him in a day or two again to talk with Richard about liberty of conscience, which, says he, he pretended to be most zealous for. It seems now that nearly all the Privy Council were present; and it looks to us as though

the Protector intended to exhibit some latent tyrannicide in our dear, simple, fearless friend. You may rely upon it, if Baxter had acquitted himself reasonably before the two or three the wary Cromwell would not have introduced him to the whole council. 'We had another tedious speech of his, and I told him a little of my judgment. Then two of the company spun out a great deal more time to such-like tedious but more ignorant speeches; and then some four or five hours being spent (the virtues of all the Puritans, like Cromwell or Baxter, had a hedgehog bristling in them), I told him that if he would be at the trouble to read it, I would tell him more of my mind in writing in two sheets than in that way of speaking in two days. I told him that I had a paper by me on the subject, written for a friend, which, if he would peruse it, he would know my sense. He received the paper afterwards, but I don't believe he ever read it; for I saw that what he learned must be from himself, being more disposed to speak for many hours than to listen one, and little heeding what another said when he had spoken himself.' This is a very humorous and characteristic sketch. It is plain that Richard did not have it quite so much his own way here as in Agmon-desham church with Pitchford's dragoons. Dear Richard had little sympathy with toleration; with him toleration was the thing the Lord hated. He was no Independent, like Cromwell. He certainly saw that religion grew best in a strait-jacket. On Popery and Episcopal Prelacy, as they were represented by Laud, he looked with horror; and on all the corruptions and abominations of the priesthood of his childhood he turned a loathing eye. But he longed to see a creed and a church government settled by law. He longed to see that Presbytery, which to John Milton meant priest, spelt large. It is certain that Cromwell understood civil and religious liberty much better than Richard. We do not wonder that he listened impatiently. He felt that a man with such true simplicity of character and speech must be either a seraph or a stone; and he knew that Richard, certainly, was not the last. But you can see the impatient twitter of the lips, the gathering thunderousness of impatience, too, on the wrinkling and shaggy brow; and a sort of almost audible *toot! toot!* from the lips. What interests us is, the fearlessness of the man who would rouse a lion from his lair. He would have spoken so, I doubt not, to either of the Stuarts, but with different consequences—you foresee.

It is our belief that we know Cromwell better in this age than did the men who lived in that. We venture to think that we know Cromwell better than did Baxter. The peasant in the valley sees better the form of the vast mountain steadily rising



before him than does the prince who winds his way up its summit. We know the apparant incongruity of our admiration of a man like Cromwell. We love freedom; but we venerate him. He was a despot; but he was a god-like despot. His was the noblest birth of all the ages. What in that day would Baxter have done had he been in Cromwell's place? He would have established Presbyterianism, and have persecuted all dissent from it. What would Vane have done? have established Vaneism, and have persecuted all dissent from it. What would any predominant sect have done? We know they all despised toleration. We know what the prelates would have done; we know what they did. What did Cromwell? Why, you call him despot; so he was; we admit it. Usurper: it cannot be denied; but what did he? He beheld the factions and the cabals of the sects, and the anarchists. He saw the land rent with faction, in which every little converted cobbler or spouting tailor wanted to establish, for him and his, some private little tyrannicide which should nevertheless override the nation; and this is what Cromwell did—he stepped into the vacant chair of state. He constituted himself, by the right of the mightiest, the Guardian of National Freedom. He proclaimed universal toleration, far too wide, *for he included all*. He said, 'you are *all* free; but that you may be so, you shall not shackle each other—you shall not touch each other. I stand magistrate over the liberties of you all. Poor dear Baxter does not know what to make of it. He can say nothing against Oliver. He does not like him; but he is compelled to praise him. It is very hard, he says, that during the days of Cromwell, whom he opposed, to whom he took no oath, whom he seized every opportunity of thwarting, he lived free, and was unmolested; but beneath those men whose restoration he had aided to bring about—to whom he had taken several oaths, the perpetration of whose dynasty he desired—he should be perpetually molested, rejected, and, finally, cruelly imprisoned. 'I do not believe,' says he, 'that England ever had so able and faithful a ministry since it was a nation as it hath at this day. Oh! how many congregations are now plainly and frequently taught that lived then in great obscurity. How graciously hath God prospered the studies of many young men that were little children in the beginning of the late troubles, so that they now cloud the most of their seniors.' This was the state of religion in Cromwell's day, and the testimony of one who disliked him because he gave too much freedom. Glorious Oliver! the world has much to admire in him even yet. Even Earl Russell, champion of civil and religious liberty, self-nominated minister of public instruction, and framer of reform bills, limps lamely and panting by miles and

miles after that royal heart. Armed missionary of democracy, crowned and anointed high priest of civil and religious freedom!

There was in those days, and especially in the parts with which Baxter was more immediately connected, a dread and hatred of all toleration. This, no doubt, arose from the necessary and bitter antagonism to the Church of Rome; hatred to that mighty mistress and mother of heresy, schism, and persecution, originated the hatred expressed to every kind of toleration. Our readers, no doubt, are acquainted with the 'Gangrena' of John Edwards; it expressed, in language scarcely above the average, the intolerant spirit of multitudes, we fear, of Baxter among the rest:—

'A toleration is the grand design of the devil—his masterpiece, and chief engine he works by at this time, to uphold his tottering kingdom. It is the most compendious, ready, sure way to destroy all religion, lay all waste, and bring in all evil. It is a most transcendent, catholic, and fundamental evil for this kingdom of any that can be imagined. As original sin is the most fundamental sin, having the seed and spawn of all in it, so a toleration hath all errors in it, and all evils. It is against the whole stream and current of Scripture, both in the Old and New Testament; both in matters of faith and manners; both general and particular commands. It overthrows all relations, political, ecclesiastical, and economical. And whereas other evils, whether of judgment or practice, be but against some one or two places of Scripture or relation, this is against all—this is the Abaddon, Apollyon, the destroyer of all religion, the abomination of desolation and astonishment, the liberty of perdition, and therefore the devil follows it night and day; working mightily in many by writing books for it, and other ways;—all the devils in hell, and their instruments being at work to promote a toleration.'

From this admirable and Evangelical passage it will be seen that certain intolerant writers of our own age have illustrious precedents.

Longwindedness in preaching and writing was the characteristic of that age. 'What a flow,' says Thomas Fuller, with evident admiration, 'had John Halsebache, Professor of Vienna, in tediousness, who having to expound the Prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the 1st Chapter, and finished it not. When the Rabbi Chananiah undertook a commentary on Ezekiel, he required the Jews to supply him with two hundred tons of oil for the use of his lamp, while engaged in it.' Baxter belonged to that race.

Kidderminster was the scene of Baxter's labours for a period of fourteen years. There he enjoyed unbroken and uninterrupted freedom. Cromwell knew the man, and he never disturbed him. It is beautiful to contemplate that life, passed amidst duties per-

formed with conscientious and cheerful ardour. He wrought his pen like a loom. The works which teemed from the press defy the scan of the most erudite book-worm. His practical works alone make twenty bulky octavos. His whole works would not be complete in one hundred and fifty of the same size. He was constantly engaged in polemical warfare—constantly beating the sieves of casuistry and debate—strange—he was constantly engaged in some practical work, and as constantly, it would seem, he was fighting with difficult questions, and doubts; phantoms enough went through his mind to stock a world with heresiarchs, and yet he continued faithful.

Ah, how few are they who have done that. Reader, if your faith is worth anything, it has been rocked by many a wind of doubt. But we will tell our readers how a doubt may at all times be fruitful of good. Keep a meadow land of practical excellence always in cultivation. Doubt and casuistry are the marsh and fen-land of life. It is our practical energy that drains the marsh-land, and adds its waste and swamps to the territories and dominions of faith. Do this. Every man has a tract of mental and moral country which is *the knowable, the comprehensible, the firm*. Keep them in good order, and if you are sometimes called away, as you will be, to the Jotunheim of doubt, so shall you, like Baxter, turn it not into a dreary Aquinas or A'Kempis country, but a fair province that shall at last, misty as it is at present, laugh with the flowers and the fruits of faith.

As to Kidderminster, in that day, it was a Christian community. His church was crowded; he had six hundred communicants; and hopes, he says, of the piety of all, save some dozen. He was not everlastingly preaching; there was not incessant public service—not, as in our modern day, a piety all at church, and no piety at home; there was only one Sabbath service, one Thursday evening service; but all the week Kidderminster rung both sides of its one long street with hymns; and Baxter was always visiting his flock—not to sit down and entertain them with long, distressing conversation, as we expect our modern ministry to do, so as to be a kind of walking village or town literary, political and scandalous gazette, but to say a short, loving word, and walk on. Kidderminster, at that time realized a town almost wholly Christianized.

Were we, who are only the poor editor of this unfortunate *ECLECTIC*, the principal of a Nonconformist college, for which most ungracious and unhappy destiny, we do trust, as a crowning mercy, we were not, in addition to other calamities, born: still, we say, were we this, and if editorial chairdom, and interfering committedness would permit us the



use of our judgment, we would compel every student of ours to go through a course of Baxter. He should not receive our ordination charge until he had not only read, but reduced to writing, and to method, the first edition of the 'Gildas Salvianus,' better known by its more popular title of the 'Reformed Pastor.' Every college ought to have a lectureship appointed upon the 'Reformed Pastor,' the tactics of church-government, and ministerial visitation, and discussion, and teaching. It is true the world has changed; and the pastoral office has changed since Baxter's day; and when we remember Baxter's success as a minister, we must not forget that he was the minister of his parish. It was a very contentious age, but the schism in his day had not so compact a purpose of disunion as in ours. There was more individuality and fewer sects; albeit, enough of them. Happy is the minister who, in the early days of his ministration, has had the 'Reformed Pastor' for his guide and teacher, and turning to it, after years of ministerial labours, it produces upon the spirit a disheartening sense of innumerable duties left undone, and extorts a sigh from the soul—'Alas, alas! how different a result should I have beheld in my ministry had I only been this.' Baxter's account of his happy and most instructive pastorate may well be quoted, the rather as it condemns that spirit, in our day, which never will receive the Gospel if the preacher opens new lessons to his hearer's mind, while he attempts to lead his heart to the Saviour.

'Another advantage which I found to my success, was, by ordering my doctrine to them in a suitableness to the main end, and yet so as might suit their dispositions and diseases. The things which I daily opened to them, and with greatest importunity laboured to imprint upon their minds, were the great fundamental principles of Christianity contained in their baptismal covenant, even a right knowledge and belief of, and subjection and love to, God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; love to all men, and concord with the church and one another. I did so daily inculcate the knowledge of God our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, love and obedience to God, unity with the church catholic, and love to men and the hope of life eternal, that these were the matter of their daily cogitations and discourses, and, indeed, their religion.

'Yet, I did usually put in something in my sermon, which was above their own discovery, and which they had not known before; and this I did that they might be kept humble, and still perceive their ignorance, and be willing to keep in a learning state. [Hear, hear.] For when preachers tell their people of no more than they know, and do not show that they excel them in knowledge, and scarcely overtop them in abilities, the people will be tempted to turn preachers themselves, and think that they have learned all that the ministers can teach them, and are as wise

*as they.* They will be apt to condemn their teachers, and wrangle with all their doctrines, and set their wits against them, and hear them as censurers, and not as disciples, to their own undoing, and to the disturbance of the church; and thus they will easily draw disciples after them. The bare authority of the clergy will not serve the turn, without overtopping ministerial abilities. I did this, also, to increase their knowledge, and to make religion pleasant to them, by a daily addition to their former light, and to draw them on with desire and delight. But these things which they did not know before, were not unprofitable controversies which tended not to edification, or novelties in doctrine contrary to the universal church; but either such points as tended to illustrate the great doctrines before mentioned, or usually about the right methodizing of them. The opening of the true and profitable method of the creed, or doctrine of faith; the Lord's Prayer, or matter of our desires; and the ten commandments, or the law of practice.

'Another thing that helped me, was, my not meddling with tithes or worldly business, whereby I had my whole time, except what sickness deprived me of, for my duty, and my mind more free from entanglements than else it would have been; and, also, I escaped the offending of the people, and contending by any lawsuits with them. Three or four of my neighbours managed all those kind of businesses, of whom I never took account; and if any one refused to pay his tithes, if he was poor, I ordered them to forgive it him. After that, I was constrained to let the tithes be gathered, as by my title, to save the gatherers from lawsuits. But if the parties were able, I ordered them to seek it by the magistrate, with the damage, and give both my part and the damages to the poor; for I resolved to have none of it myself that was recovered by law, and yet I could not tolerate the sacrilege and fraud of covetous men. When they knew that this was the rule I went by, none of them that were able would do the poor so great a kindness as to deny the payment of their tithes. In my own family, I had the help of my father and stepmother, and the benefit of a godly, understanding, faithful servant, an ancient woman, near sixty years' old, who eased me of all care, and laid out all my money for housekeeping; so that I never had one hour's trouble about it, nor ever took one day's account of her for fourteen years together, as being certain of her fidelity, providence, and skill.

'Finally, it much furthered my success, that I staid still in this one place, near two years before the wars, and above fourteen years after; for he that removeth oft from place to place, may sow good seed in many places, but is not likely to see much fruit in any, unless some other skilful hand shall follow him to water it. It was a great advantage to me to have almost all the religious people of the place, of my own instructing and informing; and that they were not formed into erroneous and factious principles before; and that I staid to see them grow up to some confirmedness and maturity.

'Our successes were enlarged beyond our own congregations, by

the lectures kept up round about. To divers of them I went as oft as I was able; and the neighbouring ministers, oftener than I; especially Mr. Oasland, of Bewdley, who, having a strong body, a zealous spirit, and an earnest utterance, went up and down preaching from place to place, with great acceptance and success. But this business, also, we contrived to be universally and orderly managed. For, beside the fixed lectures set up on week days, in several places, we studied how to have them extend to every place in the county that had need. For when the parliament purged the ministry, they cast out the grosser sort of insufficient and scandalous ones, such as gross drunkards, and the like; and also some few civil men that had assisted in the wars against the parliament, or set up bowing to altars, or such innovations; but they had left in *nearly one half the ministers, that were not good enough to do much service, or bad enough to be cast out as intolerable.* [Hear,—very much the state of things now-a-days]. *There were many poor, weak preachers, who had no great skill in divinity, or zeal for godliness; but preached weakly that which is true, and lived in no gross, notorious sin. These men were not cast out, but yet their people greatly needed help; for their dark, sleepy preaching did but little good.* We, therefore, resolved that some of the abler ministers should often voluntarily help them; but all the care was how to do it without offending them.

‘It fell out seasonably that the Londoners of that county, at their yearly feast, collected about thirty pounds, and sent it me by that worthy man, Mr. Thomas Stanley, of Bread-street, to set up a lecture for that year. We, therefore, covered all our designs under the name of the Londoners’ Lecture, which took off the offence. We chose four worthy men, Mr. Andrew Tristram, Mr. Henry Oasland, Mr. Thomas Baldwin, and Mr. Joseph Treble, who undertook to go, each man his day, once a month, which was every Lord’s day, among the four, and to preach at those places which had most need twice on the Lord’s day. To avoid all ill consequences and offence, they were sometimes to go to abler men’s congregations; and wherever they came, [Most admirable, can we not adopt some such plan to our benefit?] *to say something to draw the people to the honour and special regard of their own pastors, that, how weak soever they were, they might see that we came not to draw away the people’s hearts from them, but to strengthen their hands, and to help them in their work.*

‘This lecture did a great deal of good; and though the Londoners gave their money but that one year, when it was once set on foot, we continued it voluntarily, till the ministers were turned out and all these works went down together.

‘So much of the way and helps of those successes, which I mention, because many have inquired after them, as willing, with their own flocks, to take that course which other men have by experience found to be effectual.’

There are some things in the above extract very worthy of



notice by modern readers. Yes, we certainly would put our rising ministry through a course of Baxter, and would back the consequences of such a graduation in our college system, against many a more fruitful-looking tree of knowledge.

It was in Kidderminster that Baxter wrote and published, and to his parishioners he dedicated, the 'Saints' Everlasting Rest,' a work seldom seen or read now in any one of its original editions, and, therefore, a work unknown to most readers. Sad havoc has been made of this noble and beautiful book by that evil-minded race of men, the abridgers. With a grim smile, not we fancy of kindly meaning, would the old Nonconformist reward them. With its notes and references, it is a rich mine of holy thought, and consolation, and learning. Written in sickness, and with the thought of death always before the heart, and with no books save the Bible and the Concordance, we do not wonder that the book is what it is. Its style is of great and pathetic solemnity and sublimity. It is the most satisfying of all Baxter's works. Yet, all its pages contain the notes of a sad world, and even of a sore heart. Yet, they produce on the mind the effects of the most subduing imagery or melody. It is like a long and solemn night-walk with a man to whom night had shown knowledge. It is an interesting thing to conceive how entire must have been the absorption of the writer's soul. It is pervaded and steeped in mysticism, in which forms and powers float and triumph in a dim and yet not uncertain light, and the whole consciousness and conscience rise into and repose on 'that rest.' There must have been great stillness of heart and rest of being. Of all mystical works, it carries us furthest forward with most safety. The composition is very diffuse; yet the reader, when he has entered into the fulness of conversation with his author, would not willingly abate a single page, or even a line. What must have been his state who, through so prolonged a flight of soul, indulged in meditations so elevated, so pure, and sustained? He has said—'As the lark sings sweetly while she soars on high, but is suddenly silenced when she falls to the earth, so is the frame of the soul most delightful and divine while it keepeth God in view by contemplation. But, alas! we make there too short a stay, and lay by our music.'

Richard Baxter seems to be the very last character of whom one can relate any romantic incidents, and yet it is so—romance hangs on his life; and of all things, in the way of marriage. He lived until forty-seven, and there had been found no help-meet for him; and we suspect that had he lived until now, he had never found one by his own seeking. When in the days of his celibacy he reprobated marriage in the priesthood rather warmly;

but it must be said, as his apology, as was said by a very different character, that 'when he railed against marriage he thought to die a bachelor.' And in truth it might be thought Baxter was safe from all the magic arrows of love; he had led a life which had been a sort of charm of protection to him. He was no Adonis, if we may say so of so good a man, he had the whole *physique* of a Puritan—his face was dry and thin, his eye had little tenderness, although much emotion, and its brilliancy was caught rather from the mind than the heart. He was the victim of severe and corroding disease, which did not increase the happiness of his temper. He had lived most part of his life in camps; his studies were not such as to engage a young and gentle nature—they were casuistical, hard, and dry; he had but little, perhaps *no* sympathy; his days were passed with the dead. Those were not times when the minister was expected to spend his hours in the vapid vanity of tea-table scandal, under the complimentary epithet of pastoral visitation; and Baxter had little conversational power, although great and large discourse. Thus all things seemed to favour his life of solitude and celibacy, it may be said he had no more thought of marriage than the thought of becoming himself the usurper he denounced. Check your smiles, we are about to recite a story of exquisite sweetness, however much it called for the sneer of the fops and wittings of Charles's Court, or the grave demurrage of the sober precisians of Cromwell's. Margaret Charlton was the Una of our Red Cross Knight; very young—only just turned twenty, and our sage was forty-seven. 'Very improper indeed, Madam; very shocking, and so eminent and wise a man.' But Baxter very sweetly says, in his memoir of her gentle life, 'the unsuitableness of our age, and my former known purposes against marriage, and against the conveniency of ministers' marriage, who have no sort of necessity, made our marriage the matter of much talk; but the true opening of her case and mine, and the many strange occurrences which brought it to pass, would take away the wonder of her friends and mine, who knew us, and the notice of it would much conduce to the understanding of some other passages of our lives. Yet these friends, by whom I am advised, think it better to omit such personal particulars at this time. Both in her case and in mine there was much extraordinary, which it doth not much concern the world to be acquainted with.'

We must not keep our readers with the particulars of the history, else could we spread it over many pages, and introduce remarks very interesting to many readers. How the old widow lady, Mrs. Charlton, and her beautiful daughter—very young, and very wealthy—came to Kidderminster, and how they both

attended the ministry of the eloquent Baxter. How Margaret fell ill, and how her life was despaired of, and how Baxter visited her and her mother, and not only, by his skill in medicine and leechcraft, benefited the body, but benefited also the soul; how, after she was restored to health, he left his study more frequently, and found his steps drawn very strangely to the house of Margaret's mother. How he delighted to narrate to them the history of his spiritual life, and how she, another and loftier Desdemona, listened delightedly. How, by a strange miracle, Baxter turned poet, fulfilling the doom which compels every son of Adam in that predicament, whatever his previous reputation for wisdom, to look foolish. How the sage called himself to account in his study, and reasoned with his withered cheeks and gray hairs, and called his books to his help; and how his visits became less frequent, and at last ceased altogether. How in Kidderminster Church, on Sabbath days, Margaret was seen, but with a colour less brilliant on her cheek, and a light too brilliant in her eye. How the minister called on his young parishioner; and how, after that call, the whole terrible affair was settled, on Margaret's promising this poor Richard Baxter, with his eighty pounds a year, three things:—1. That he should never have any of her money nor property; nothing that before marriage was hers, so that the marriage might not seem to be selfish. 2. That she should so alter all her affairs that he should never have the trouble of managing any of her property. 3. That she should expect none of his time required for ministerial duties.' I must not tell you how the young girl wife, for twenty years, lightened the old student's home; and how, when Charles caused him to become an exile from his loved parish, she went to share his desolation. We must not stay to tell how brief was the period of her companionship then; how she was spared, or prevented the honour of ministering by her love at that great trial of her husband, which is an event in civil and religious history. We must not tell how, at forty, Margaret died, leaving her royal-hearted husband, nearly seventy, 'with darkness and with danger compassed round.' How all the memories of those early happy days of Kidderminster would shine over and lighten the cruel coffin, closing for ever those eyes, once so tender, so arch and bright. How the great John Howe preached her funeral sermon, and celebrated 'her brilliant mind, and her vivid wit;' and how in a breviate her stricken husband, smitten in spirit of all his coldness and reserve, pours forth a strain of tender and high eulogy. How little we care for the poor old patriarch's grief; nay, we are not certain that some of us would not smile at the incongruous spectacle of the old man in speechless agony, mourning over his



young wife. We care little for one another's sorrows. We will be bound to say that for one who offered sympathy to Baxter on his loss, a hundred or more chattered maliciously over the imprudence and shamefulness of his marriage. It is our way of dealing with each other—not so much in heartlessness as thoughtlessness. We give very few moments to one another's griefs. 'Have you heard that poor Wilson is dead?' 'No; bless me, very sudden.' 'Yes; fever; not ill many hours. His wife, they say, is almost mad.' 'Ah, I dare say, poor thing, very sorry; Wilson was really a fine fellow. By the by, have you sold that piece of ground?' 'Good morning, Naylor; how are you? Have you heard Mrs. Judson is dead?' 'Dear, dear; so young; only twenty-six; three children. Poor Judson; dreadful blow; shocking; he is almost frantic.' 'Ah, I dare say; well well! Corn is lower, I hear, in the market.' So will it be with us all; we shall have to bear through it. These are the elegies they will sing over us; these are the elegies we have sung over others: when the rude hand has withered the bridal flowers and drawn the pale shroud round the form and over the face, oh, in that hour, God help us! If we have nothing better than human souls to lean on, we shall be dark, indeed. Baxter had God to lean on, and although the tomb of his wife was next door to his own prison, he did not lose heart or hope.

During the Protectorate of Cromwell Baxter was dissatisfied, he longed for the ancient monarchy, and he did his best to restore it. It may seem strange, but he actually believed Charles Stuart, when he avowed his intention to govern the nation on the principles of civil and religious liberty—as if it were possible for a Stuart to be faithful to his word and trust. Plain, blunt Richard Baxter was one of those who waited on Charles, and spoke to him on his restoration. Before this interview he had preached before his Majesty, and of all subjects that a man could choose to preach on, he chose the comparison between the sensual and the spiritual life. For two hours did Baxter preach before the merry monarch. we have not read the sermon, but Sir James Stephen says—'It is a censure of the vices of the great, without one courtly charm to relieve its tedium to royal ears.' But the sermon was a joke indeed, compared with the discourse Richard—our brave and faithful Richard—offered to the king when summoned by him to the palace. A month or two later the boldness would not have been borne; he had the audacity to talk to him of Cromwell; to show him what good Cromwell had effected, and to adjure him never to uproot it because it was performed by a usurper; he implored the king never to allow his subjects to have favourable

thoughts of the usurper by comparing his government with his Majesty's. With a most manly delicacy he advised the monarch like a father. We read no words spoken to the king at all approaching in good sense to those of Richard Baxter, and it is the more noble, because, in the same spot, he had dared, only a few years since, to beard the mighty Achilles of England, whose memory he now dared to vindicate before the traitor and the coward king—our English Caligula. He, for his part, received it with such good grace that they all, poor simple souls, shed tears of joy over a king who laughed at them in his sleeve, and, in half an hour, was mocking the lean visaged puritan in the boudoir of Nell Gwyn.

Three months after every promise was broken. The ministers, Baxter with the rest, for failing to conform, were expelled from their churches. Cromwell's body was buried beneath the gallows of Tyburn, and his head placed over Westminster Hall. It was necessary to buy Baxter if possible; the bishopric of Hereford was offered to him if he would conform, he was so far from the extreme party, so far from the Cromwellites and Independents, that it seemed he must conform and accept the mitre. They did not know the stubborn stuff of which he was composed. With the rest he took joyfully the spoiling of his goods; with Margaret not yet lost, he left the pleasant vicarage of Kidderminster; he did not care for the see, the mitre, and the palace of Hereford, but he tried hard to retain the curacy of Kidderminster; he could not keep it with his conscience, and so he left at the command of the holy and religious Charles.

Nonconformist heroes! Band of true hearted and devoted men. What word shall we say to honour them? When James stung the bishops to resistance, the famous contest and trial rung through the nation, and the national heart was roused to place, as man usually places, the laurel on the brow of success; that resistance successive laureats have done homage to, and England's latest historian twines a glittering wreath to decorate their memory, and preserve it from decay. But, Nonconformist heroes, what was that resistance to theirs! Illustrious and true-hearted two thousand; their heroism displayed itself, not in a contest for a bishop's see, but in the sacrifice of the last iota of their little all. No Somers defended them. No Halifax cheered them on. There was no courtly and aristocratic sunshine to smile a 'Well done,' and no long-winded diapason of popular praise. Yet we are their children, and our heart beats proudly as we think of their great act of magnanimity. Though sinking from the pulpit to the lowly station of shepherd in the fields, and labourer on the farm, and artizan in the factory, or pursuing still their sacred calling on the

lonely and retired heath, where no eye but that of the twinkling star, or the more solemn presence of the Nonconformists' God, beheld their worship; or in the sequestered glen or lonely room,—the fruit of the seed they planted with their suffering, and watered with their tears, is with us to this day. They went forth not knowing whither they went; the victims of a corrupt and deceitful ministry, and of a king more corrupt and deceitful still. They were the children of freedom; the apostles of truth. They did not go forth in vain. In a thousand instances 'the conventicle,' the lowly meeting house, that dares to rise beneath the shadow of minster turret, or church spire, or which crowns the hill, or blesses the lowly village, dates from them. Their piety and their power crossed with them the Atlantic, to germinate into moral verdure in the climes of New England. Their prison cells became fountains of light; their solitude a printing press for the world. Although the historians even of taste and of freedom have few words to say in their honour, their names indeed shall brighten as the pencil of time writes its last pages, and the curtain prepares to fall. Their memory is our honour; their deeds our heraldry. We will not only preserve those names in our Church records, but, by the grace of God, complete the work they bravely begun.

It had been determined before the death of Charles II. that Baxter should be imprisoned and tried, and he was actually on bail when that event took place. He was, by a warrant of Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys, committed to the King's Bench for writing 'that scandalous, seditious book,'—so was it styled—'A Paraphrase on the New Testament.' He was committed in February, in May, he was brought to his trial. In fact, nothing could be more innocent than the words for which he was indicted. He was indicted as 'Richard Baxter, a seditious and factious person, of a depraved mind, impious, iniquitous, of turbulent disposition and conversation, determined to break in the peace of the community and the tranquillity of our Lord the King, etc., etc.' He was brought for trial before Jeffreys. His counsel had moved for more time. 'I will not give him,' said that drunken and blood-stained satyr, 'a minute's time to save his life. We have had to do with other sorts of persons, but now we have a saint to deal with, and I know how to deal with saints as well as sinners. Yonder stands Oates in the Pillory, and he says he suffers for the truth, and so says Baxter; but if Baxter did but stand on the other side of the Pillory with him, I would say two of the greatest rogues and rascals in the kingdom stood there.' On the 30th of May, Baxter was brought for trial. Sir Henry Ashurst had the courage to stand by him all the while. 'When I saw,' says an eye-witness, 'the meek man stand before the flaming



eyes and fierce looks of this bigot, I thought of Paul before Nero. The barbarous usage which he received drew plenty of tears from my eyes, as well as from others of the auditors and spectators; yet I could not but smile sometimes when I saw my lord imitate our modern pulpit drollery, which some one saith, "any man engaged in such a design would not lose for the world." He drove on furiously, like Hannibal over the Alps, with fire and vinegar, pouring out the contempt and scorn upon Baxter, as if he had been a link-boy or knave, which made the people who could not get near enough to hear the indictment or Mr. Baxter's plea, exclaim, "Surely, this Baxter had burned the city or the temple of Delphos." But others said, it was not the custom now-a-days to receive ill, except for well-doing; and, therefore, this must needs be some good man that my lord rails so at.' The obscenity, the vulgarity, and unrighteousness of the judge on the occasion of that trial, are well known. Before the trial of Baxter, a short cause was heard; and then the clerk called another cause. 'You blockhead, you,' said the judge, 'the next cause is between Baxter and the King.' Some part of the 'Paraphrase' objected to was Mark xii. 38-40—'And for a pretence make long prayers.' Baxter made some remarks on liturgies. 'Is he not now an old knave,' said Jeffreys, 'to interpret this of liturgies. No, no,' continued he, 'it is their own long-winded extempore prayers, such as they used to say when they appropriated God to themselves. Lord, we are Thy people, Thy peculiar people, Thy dear people.' And then he snorted, and squeaked through the nose, and clenched his hand, lifting up his eyes and mimicking their manner, as he said they used to pray. Baxter's counsel interposed. 'Pollexen,' says Jeffreys, 'I know you well. I will set a mark upon you; you are the patron of the faction. This is an *old* rogue who has poisoned the world with his Kidderminster doctrine. Don't we know how he preached formerly? "Curse ye Meroz; curse them bitterly that come not to the help of the Lord against the mighty." He encouraged all the women and maids to bring their bodkins and thimbles to carry on their war against the king of ever blessed memory. An old schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain.' 'I beseech your lordship,' said Pollexen, 'suffer me a word for my client. It is well known to all intelligent men of this age and nation that those things do not apply to the character of Mr. Baxter. My lord, Mr. Baxter's loyal and peaceable spirit, King Charles would have rewarded with a bishopric when he came in if he would have conformed.' 'Aye, aye,' said the judge, 'we know that; but what ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful old villain, that he would not conform? Was he wiser and better than other men? He hath

been ever since the spring of the faction. I am sure he hath poisoned the world with his linsey-woolsey doctrine; a conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog. Hang him! this old fellow hath cast more reproach upon the constitution and discipline of our Church than will be wiped off for a hundred years; but I'll handle him for it, by G——! He deserves to be whipped through the city.'

Let us blush for the days when that trial took place; blush that the bench of English justice was filled by so drunken and disgraceful a buffoon—blush that the throne of England was filled by a man of a more depraved character than the judge. Jeffreys, we think, shows us some consciousness of his shame in all those buffoon-like writhings and contortions. He had himself been a Puritan, and those frantic actions look to us like the struggles of a drowning conscience not quite lost. But James, his turpitude was too depraved ever to be troubled by a memory. He was just a blind hyæna—with a sharp tooth, an eye blood-shot, even in its blindness, a paralyzed hand, and no heart. Of course they found Baxter guilty. On that trial, Sherlock must, we fear, stand impeached of complicity, to make the words wear a different meaning, attacking the king instead of the bishops,—then his life would have been in danger. Jeffreys was fond of whipping, and he was desirous that Baxter should be flogged through the city; but the sentence was ultimately fixed at a fine of £500—a tolerable sum to pay for telling a mild piece of truth. This was one of the first acts of the gentle James's reign; and it was early in the administration of his Lord Chief Justice, but it was a type of both;—mercifully both were short. Hyæna Jeffreys danced a sort of bloody hornpipe through England; while his white lipped master taught for a brief year or two that love and forgiveness had no place in his Christian code; then the magnanimity of England sent both master and man packing. For two years, Baxter continued in prison. We were walking once with Elihu Burritt over York Castle, where George Fox was confined, and when he saw the comfort of all the prisoners, their clean cells and raiment and food, he said, 'Ah, poor dear George Fox; dear Bunyan and Baxter; how very thankful they would have been to have had such a comfortable home as this!' In truth, perhaps, prison would not be very irksome to a man like Baxter. In those days the saints expected it—they took pen, ink, and paper, and a book or two, and went into jail as if they were going home. The accounts given to us of Baxter, in prison, are interesting. The old man wrought away with his pen still. He was not a man of wild, ungovernable will, or careering imagination. He abode still. His Puritan friends came to see him. 'We interrupt you,' said they once; 'Of course you do,' said he; 'but never mind, go on.' A man like that would not feel the shackles so much as many men.

Weary, still, would be the day, to the old man ! He was waiting for the Saints' Everlasting Rest. In those hours of solitary confinement, how would memory note over many a scene, all fled and vanished—the roll of the cannon that day at Alcester, after the battle of Edge Hill—the bivouacs at night, with the camps in their marches and sieges—his long old days at Kidderminster, now so fondly remembered—his lonely life there. Do you not think he called to mind that day when, to his unutterable surprise, he found himself the lover of Margaret Charlton ? Do you not think he often saw her gentle face looking in on his solitude, and then would not a tear start into the eye of the stern old bookman, as all the old days of Kidderminster happiness came round him again ? In his cell he would see his evening's sunshine brightening through his church window. Strange to the old man's ears would strike the sound of his own voice. 'It was not,' said he, 'the least comfort that I had in the converse with my late dear wife, that our first act in the morning, and our last before we slept at night was a song of praise.' *Other spirits, other visions, other suggestions* would enter the prison cell. Think you not the stern visage of that great soldier, would come and smile upon him and say, 'Richard, Richard, who judged best, me or thee ? I foresaw all this ? Do not you think the rule of my days was better than of these ?' We confess we like best to look at Baxter in prison. The dear old man ; and how beautiful his words are in those closing hours. 'I wish,' he says, 'all over-sharp passages were expunged from my writings, and I ask forgiveness of God and man.' Blessings on thee, thou dear old teacher, thou shalt have for that word, not our forgiveness only, but our veneration. He says that all mankind appear more equal to him ; the good not to appear so good as he once thought, nor the bad so evil, and that in all there is more room for grace, to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than he once believed. 'I less admire,' he continues, 'gifts of utterance, and the bare profession of religion than I once did, and have now much more charity for those who, by want of gifts, do make an obscure profession.' The Divine hand has, we believe, conducted us far, when that sweet lesson is taught, as expressed in those words. The pride of the skilful dialectician—the mighty master of dispute and casuistry—died within him ; he grieved over his irritability of temper ; perhaps many an acrimonious word to the lost Margaret, echoed back to him. 'When God forgiveth me, I cannot forgive myself, especially for my rash words and deeds, by which I have seemed less tender and kind than I should have been to my near and dear relations, whose love abundantly obliged me. When such are dead, though we never differed in point of interest, or any other matter, every sour,



or cross, or provoking word, which I gave them, maketh me almost irreconcilable to myself, and tells me how repentance brought some of old to pray to the dead whom they had wronged, to forgive them, in the hurry of their passion.' Grieve not—weep not thou brave and tender spirit! Cheer up, Richard!—time is short—the cross is heavy, but you have not far to carry it! Dear old father, it is but a step or two more, and even now beautiful eyes are waiting on the opposite banks of the river, in the house of youth and life, to smile forgiveness on thee for every word, forgotten indeed by them, though so keenly remembered by thee!

At length he was restored to freedom. He could not pay the fine, and so he was liberated; but when he was urged to sign a declaration of thanks to James II., the sternness of his ancient knighthood returned. His heart was softened, but his soul was perhaps, therefore, even stronger; he would not commend that infamous act of intolerent toleration, by which he and many others were only made the cat's paw for the destruction of all English liberty and freedom. We venerate the brave old heart of oak in that act as much as in any heroism of his noble life. Seventy years of age. Sick, infirm, bankrupt and beggared by the act of a succession of governments and of kings, who leave us in doubt whether they were more fitted for the rope of Tyburn and Norfolk Island, or for the interesting harlequinadings of the Garrick Club,—he was firm and unshaken.

He lived to see Noll avenged—he lived to see the Stuarts fly, and fly, thank God, for ever.

He died in 1694. 'I have,' said he, 'great pain; there is no use arguing against that. I care not; I have peace—peace—I have peace.' A little while after they asked him how he was, and he replied, 'Almost well.' To the last he continued singing, when his sleep was broken in the night, 'then,' says his friend Silvester, 'he sung much, nay, he believingly expected that his angelical convoy would conduct him through all the intermediate regions to his heavenly Father's house, with those melodious hallelujahs or with something equally delightful.'

Then, too, he chanted those verses of valediction which have excited the laughter of so many critics, but certainly never ours. They ring like a glorious farewell and all hail:—

'My soul, go boldly forth,  
Forsake this sinful earth;  
What hath it been to thee  
But pain and sorrow?  
And thinkest thou it will be  
Better to-morrow?

‘Look up towards heaven and see,  
How vast those regions be,  
Where blessed spirits dwell,—  
How pure and lightful!  
But earth is near to hell,—  
How dark and frightful!

‘Here life is but a spark,  
Scarce shining in the dark;  
Life is the element there  
Which souls reside in;  
Much like as air is here,  
Which we abide in.

‘Jerusalem above—  
Glorious in light and love,  
Is mother of us all;  
Who shall enjoy them?  
The wicked hellward fall,—  
Sin will destroy them.

God is Essential Love,  
And all the saints above  
Are like unto him made—  
Each in his measure;  
Love is their life and trade,  
And their constant pleasure.

‘Love flames in every breast,  
The greatest and the least;  
Strangers to this sweet rest  
There are not any;  
Love leaves no place for strife—  
Makes one of many.

‘Lord Jesus, take my spirit!  
I have thy love and merit.  
Take home thy wandering sheep—  
For thou hast sought it;  
This soul in safety keep,  
For thou hast bought it.’

---

## II.

## PLATO AND HIS REPUBLIC.

THESE two books, especially the first of them, are among the indications of a return in this country to a sounder philosophy, which are happily becoming every day more numerous. In fact, the reproach has been for now a long time by no means undeserved, that there is in England no philosophy at all, and in consequence no theology. It is quite plain that Locke will satisfy no one who is not content to leave untouched those problems which are at once the noblest and most difficult, and who is unwilling that the completest expression of his religion should be an altar 'to the unknown God.' Nevertheless, it seemed at one time improbable enough that there should be any general demand for translations of the Platonic dialogues; or English readers enough, who were not also Greek readers, to make it worth while to publish them. Yet the translation of 'The Republic' by Messrs. Davies and Vaughan has already reached a second edition, and the third volume of (shall we call it?) Platonic hash, by Dr. Whewell, may be taken to indicate the favourable reception of the first two.

For surely his is not the best way of introducing Plato to English readers. His rendering of the dialogues seems in fact most nearly to resemble the 'Argumenta' prefixed to the different books of the Iliad, or Æneid and the plays of the tragedians; for these 'Argumenta' do indeed contain, with a tolerable accuracy, the substance of the poems to which they are prefixed; but it is the substance without the form. Everybody knows, however, that in a poem the form is not of less importance than the substance itself, and that it is one of the characteristics of a poem that it is so constructed as to 'communicate from each part the greatest immediate pleasure compatible with the largest sum of pleasure on the whole.'† Now, Plato is admitted to have been, perhaps, the most consummate artist of all antiquity. His 'Dialogues' are thoroughly dramatic; what may appear irrelevant

---

\* 1. *The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers.* By William Whewell, D.D. Vol. III. 'The Republic and Timæus.' Macmillan. 1861.  
 2. *The Republic of Plato.* Translated into English; with an Introduction, Analysis, and Notes. By John Llewellyn Davies, M.A., and David James Vaughan, M.A., Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge. Macmillan and Co. 1852.

† Coleridge.



to an argument is nevertheless necessary to the dramatic perfection of the dialogue in which it may occur. Dr. Whewell, we are inclined to think, has omitted much on the ground of irrelevancy which is really necessary to the argument; but even where this is not the case he has succeeded perfectly in reducing the poetry of his author to the baldest possible prose.

But by far the gravest fault in Dr. Whewell's treatment of Plato is his utter irreverence. He treats the author of 'The Republic' scarcely better than he would treat a school-boy. He can scarcely allow even the thorough honesty of Plato, and does not seem to perceive that he is making any grave charge against so illustrious a man when he accuses him of deliberately misrepresenting the opinions and caricaturing the manners of the leading Sophists because they were rivals of his own; in fact, there is in Dr. Whewell's comments a far lower moral tone than might have been expected from one who has himself spoken with the utmost freedom of the lax morality and bad taste of Paley and Bentham. Yet he says:—'Though the doctrine of Thrasymachus is opposed to the common notions of morality, the more offensive feature of his conversation is the rudeness, insolence, and brutality with which his opinions are delivered.\*' This quiet assertion that morality is inferior to etiquette may help us to understand Dr. Whewell's dislike of Plato's treatment of the Sophists; even if they were quacks it would undoubtedly have been more polite not to tell them so. Again, Dr. Whewell, says,† 'That Plato's arguments are sometimes inconclusive, sometimes unfair, and his dramatic representations of opponents sometimes caricatures, are criticisms to which he has been subjected from his own day to ours, and the justice of them will not be denied, I think, by any one who undertakes to make sense of what he has written. I am aware that there have been persons who have explained all seeming inconsistencies and weaknesses in him, by ascribing to him a habit of writing ironically. To suppose that Plato is an author whose habit is to lay traps for unwary readers by saying the opposite of what he means, would be to make him the dullest of jesters; and I should hope there are few of his Greek readers who have so poor an opinion of him.' That Dr. Whewell cannot see a joke is of course a misfortune rather than a fault; but it is surely not too much to say that any one who could write the paragraph just quoted is incapable of perceiving the *literary* excellencies of Plato, and (must we not also add?) of comprehending his philosophy.

---

\* 'Platonic Dialogues.' Vol. III., p. 45.

† *Ibid.* Preface ix.

It must also be considered a very hazardous experiment to alter altogether the plan of 'The Republic,' cutting it up into several distinct dialogues, and treating some of its most characteristic and essential portions as mere digressions. In a word, he who would know what 'The Republic' is, must first read Plato's Dialogue, and then do what he likes with Dr. Whewell's. For those who cannot read Greek the translation by Messrs. Davies and Vaughan can scarcely be too much commended.

'Plato, above all men, must be studied in Plato. A hearty and sympathizing acquaintance with one dialogue will do more to initiate a student into what is blunderingly called his system, than the reports of all philosophical critics and historians.\* If this be true, and it is the judgment of one whose acquaintance with Plato is most assuredly sympathizing and hearty, it will justify the apparently narrow limits to which one dialogue must confine us. In the case of 'The Republic,' however, if we had space to analyse it completely, the narrowness would be only apparent. In it we have all that is most characteristic of Platonism in its clearest and maturest form; and, moreover, so underlying and supporting the common life of man, and the ordinary facts of his experience, that we are compelled gratefully to acknowledge that the greatest teacher of the heathen world, the noblest seer and prophet in the 'Dispensation of Paganism,' was no vain dreamer of deceitful dreams. We are sure that he is at least seeking, with a most honest and true heart, for *reality*, for a city that hath foundations, for *knowledge*, and not mere opinion. And though we should reject every one of his conclusions, and believe him, after all, to be building on the sand, we have yet an infallible token of his nobleness and power in this—that we are self-convicted of baseness and inhumanity if we do not seek on and ever for what is not seen and eternal, though even he may have sought in vain; coming once under his mysterious fascination we can rest never more until we find the eternal beauty, and goodness, and truth.

But if 'The Republic' were far less complete than it is as an exposition of Platonism, it would still be singularly adapted to the wants of our own age. For we are approaching Platonism from the side of politics and theology. In the legislation of England the historical element has hitherto been predominant. We have ever been unwilling, sometimes too unwilling, that the laws should be changed. We have been careful not to remove the ancient landmarks. We have respected existing rights, and even reasonable expectations. We have been often more afraid

\* Maurice—'Moral Philosophy.' Part i., pp. 129. (Encyclop. Met).

of losing than eager to gain. 'We have honoured our father and our mother, and our days have been long in the land which the Lord our God has given us.' In this policy, this reverence for the past, there has been a wisdom not less real and profound, because it was unobtrusive and unconscious of its own worth.

He who knew best what was in man has taught us not to destroy but to fulfil. It is, however, very obvious that in English legislation the historical element is becoming less and less regarded. Men, now, are seeking for what they at least consider principles rather than precedents. If they are wise now, they intend to be consciously wise. It has, therefore, become a most vital question, 'What is the province of government?' 'Who are the legitimate governors?' 'How may they be discovered and compelled to do their kingly work for which they were born?' 'How shall the unkingly be kept from meddling with rule?' 'Are men to be governed as spiritual beings, or as mere animals?' 'Is the State to rest on selfishness or sacrifice, on suspicion or trust, on human relations or artificial arrangements?' 'Is it to recognize God, or to ignore Him, or to deny Him?' It is the very purpose of no small part of 'The Republic' to answer such questions, to show the foundations on which a State must rest; and no answer so brave and noble has anywhere else been given but in that other Book which Coleridge does not hesitate to call 'The Statesman's Manual.'

But it is especially *our theology* which is bringing us into contact with the Platonic philosophy; and this in the most opposite ways. Infidelity is glad to find some excuse for denying to Christianity any authority which could be founded on, or connected with, the originality and exclusive possession of her profoundest and sublimest doctrines. The professed disciples of Christ have often concealed from themselves and from their opponents the very obvious fact that no age or country can have exclusive enjoyment of the brightness of 'the True Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.' The religions and philosophies of the world, therefore, have been examined with jealous anxiety, on the one side to find something that is, and on the other, to prove that that something is not, identical with Christian truth. The curiously suicidal successes of each of these conflicting parties have indicated to men of another training and temper a wiser course. They, too, have seen that the religions and philosophies of the world must be carefully and devoutly studied. But they have *expected* to find those scattered rays of light which to others have been so mysterious and perplexing. They have recognized three facts, obvious and of the very greatest importance for those who would understand the relation of heathenism



to Christianity, and yet so constantly ignored as to seem, whenever they are repeated, dangerous novelties. Yet they are recognised in their fullest significance and multiplied applications by the most learned and profound of the fathers of the Holy Catholic Church; from the revived study of whose writings, moreover, yet another of our religious parties has been constrained to think more wisely and reverently of him who was to the Greeks 'a school-master to bring them to Christ.' Upon those three facts,\* perhaps a paragraph will not be wasted.

There is, first, the fact of a *strong antecedent probability* that the most important truths of Scripture, just because they are important, would be revealed also, even though dimly, by some other means; then the fact that the Holy Scriptures themselves affirm that there actually is and always has been such independent revelation; and then the fact that these truths are *actually* to be found apart from Holy Scripture in the remains of heathen philosophy.

Revelation does not make truth, it uncovers, it lifts up the veil that has hidden it in any measure from our view. Jesus was born in Bethlehem before any Evangelist wrote or could have written that 'the Word was made flesh.' So, again, what we intend to express by the word Trinity, is a fact independently of the Scripture, or it is not a fact at all. The relation of the Logos to men is clearly affirmed both in the Old Testament and the New; but it existed before a single line or word of the Bible had been written. The question, therefore, is not unreasonable—Does nothing in the works of God, nothing in the constitution and history of man, suggest even these deep mysteries of the Divine Being? The Son and the Spirit, exactly because these distinctions are real, and not merely verbal, are surely as essential to the Divine Being as righteousness and love. No man, however thoughtless, has been able to overlook altogether these attributes of God; has there been nothing which could suggest even to the most thoughtful those 'Persons'? The probability of such suggestion would be less, though still very great, if the Word were a 'Mediator' only in respect of sin—only by virtue of His incarnation, and crucifixion, and resurrection. But this by no means exhausts the Scripture revelation of the Word; it is even a small part—a particular case of it. For *all* purposes, for creation itself, the Logos is the Mediator. It has been felt that it is impossible to connect even creation directly with the Absolute God—One—Unchanging—subject to no conditions of time and space. The

\* See Newman's 'Arians of the Fourth Century.' Second Edition, pp. 46, *et seq.*

chasm between Him and the many, the limited, the becoming, the shadow-world of endless change, this chasm the Platonic Ideas are meant to bridge over. The feeling of the difficulty, almost the profanity, of passing immediately from God to His works was, in its extravagance and perversion, at the root of the most dangerous and wide-spread heresies of the early ages of Christendom; but it is the response to an eternal truth, affirmed both by reason and Holy Scripture. 'All things were made through the Word' (says St. John), 'and without Him was nothing made which has been made.' 'Through the Son,' says the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, 'God made the ages.' 'In the Son,' says St. Paul, 'were all things created that are in heaven and that are on earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones or dominions, or principalities or powers, all things were created by Him and for Him.' No further quotation is needed, and no words can more plainly assert the mystery of the relation of the Father to the Son, the ministry and mediation of the Word. But assuming this Scripture revelation to be true, that even creation is not the work of the Father *immediately*, but *mediately* through the Son; and that this mediation is involved in the very Being of God; and that as the way from the Father to the creation is through the Son, so the way from the creation to the Father must be through the Son also—if all this be really true, there is the very strongest probability that its truth will be apparent on the very face of creation itself and in the constitution and history of man; that the works of God, and, above all, the spirit of man, will bear witness to their Creator, that is, to the *Son* of the Father—to the *Word* of God.

An examination of the second fact to which reference has been made would carry us too far from the Platonic philosophy; and of the third,\* 'The Republic' itself will supply abundant confirmation. Indeed, 'the Christian element in Plato' has always been one of his most powerful attractions; just as on the other hand it has always repelled those who hate that element wherever they find it, and who try to remove it even out of St. Paul's Epistles and the Gospel according to St. John.

We should carefully notice, what the best commentators have pointed out, that the substance of the Platonic philosophy is essentially related to the form in which the great master has thought fit to embody it. His dialogues approach far more nearly to the modern romantic drama than do the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. They represent far more

---

\* See on this (a testimony singularly valuable) 'St. Augustine's Confessions,' VII. (ix.) 13. Oxford Edition.

truly the real life of Greece. Their merely dramatic excellence is unmatched in all antiquity; indeed, unsurpassed in any age, excepting, perhaps, by our own Shakspeare. Nor do they give so one-sided a representation of Greek life as to us they would at first sight seem to give. Every Greek, especially every Athenian, was, in his degree, if not a philosopher, a sophist. Their vast theatres, and the very abundant theatrical exhibitions, their huge dikasteries, their public assemblies and free discussions, their numerous teachers and professors, their eminently public and social life, had produced among the people of Athens exactly that character—that flippancy, and shallowness, and assumption, that worldliness and want of solid principle—which we cannot fail to recognize in some of the interlocutors in the Platonic dialogues. Indeed, the predominance of public and social life in Athens, without the due balance and foundation of private and domestic virtues, was a principal cause of her rapid decay. Even Plato had not a true estimate of the value of family relations, as training men to habits of unselfishness; with which he seems to have considered them incompatible. But he did see clearly enough the evil, though he only partially discovered the cure. He could see that the Government of his country was producing an eager desire for showy accomplishments, and the semblance of wisdom, even though it should be without the reality. That this demand was producing a supply of swaggering pretenders ready to teach anything and everything, above all wisdom and eloquence. Not to anticipate what will find a fitter place in examining the substance of 'The Republic,' its *form* is the very best for exhibiting to us the bragging insolence of the men of words; and their living contrast—in manner of life, in depth of thought, in honesty of purpose—the old man who was declared wisest of mankind, who went about making men doubt, whose cunning ignorance was so much deeper than their noisy and confident opinions, who did not 'fear them that kill the body and afterwards have no more than they can do;' who, though dead, is yet speaking brave and strengthening words from among 'the noble army of martyrs.'

But the form of dialogue is essentially related to the substance of the Platonic philosophy, and could not be exchanged for any other. For this form was absolutely necessary to the removal of those sources of fallacy and delusion which are at once so fruitful and so unsuspected, those shadows and images which are mistaken for reality. With these, as described with the singular felicity and sagacity of Lord Bacon, we are sufficiently acquainted; the *idola tribus, specus, fori theatri*. But of each of these *idola* the most perfect exposure is to be found in the Platonic dialogues. Nowhere is human nature so accurately measured, nor the weakness and



imperfection, inseparable from our present condition, so correctly estimated. Nowhere are the disturbing influences of individual peculiarities of temperament and circumstances so carefully neutralized. Nowhere is the criticism of words so rigorous, the detection of double meanings and spurious synonyms so complete. Nowhere are the far-reaching evils of false systems of philosophy so perseveringly traced out. Nothing but dialogue could exhibit the amazing shallowness of what is constantly mistaken for wisdom; the ignorance, and even unfixedness of opinion, of those who fancy they *know*. Dialogue brings philosophy down to the correction of mistakes that confuse our daily life. The philosophy of Plato is pre-eminently a philosophy of common things and common men. Its outward form both indicates and necessitates this; for there is something common to men besides bodily senses—need of food, and clothing, and shelter—liability to disease and to death, which removes them into some other state of being. The philosophy of Plato may, therefore, have a value for all men, though it includes no plain directions for the making of shoes; though its watchwords be not, in Lord Macaulay's sense of the words, 'Utility and Progress.' It is not a philosophy of 'fruit,' perhaps, but assuredly it is of roots; its aim is to discover the foundation on which men and things are resting; to purify the springs of human action; to produce that moral tone, that unselfishness and justice without which even 'physical science' and material greatness are impossible. And while it descended, in dialogue, to intercourse with ordinary men, it was preserved by that intercourse from extravagance and unreality, as well as from that intolerable dryness which characterizes almost all philosophical treatises. It is confined to that inductive method by which alone we can discover whatever we may wish to find; for the method is not changed, whether the facts of which we are in search are the objects of the senses, or the objects of the reason. And there are some who would agree with Plato that the physical science to which induction has in modern times been almost exclusively applied, holds a lower rank than theology and ethics, studied with equal honesty, with equal zeal, and with the same method. The classification of phenomena is indeed far easier but less valuable than the knowledge of being.

And if the object of the Platonic dialectic be the discovery of reality, of that which is, it ought to be superfluous to add that it is not identical with logic. So far from its having for its object the discovery of pure being, logic discovers nothing, and does not pretend to discover anything. In logic that may be true and necessary which in fact is absurd; the conclusion itself absurd, from absurd premises. In the words of Sir W. Hamilton, 'logic

is a formal science; it takes no consideration of real existence, or of its relations, but is occupied solely about that existence, and those relations which arise through, and are regulated by, the conditions of thought itself. Of the truth or falsehood of propositions, in themselves, it knows nothing, and takes no account: all in logic may be held true that is not conceived as contradictory. In reasoning logic guarantees neither the premises nor the conclusion, but merely the *consequence* of the latter from the former; for a syllogism is nothing more than the explicit assertion of the truth of one proposition on the *hypothesis* of other propositions being true in which that one is implicitly contained. A conclusion may thus be true in reality (as an assertion) and yet logically false (as an inference).<sup>\*</sup> The confusion of the Platonic dialectic with logic proper has led to an entire misapprehension, and even inversion, of his whole philosophy, and especially his doctrine of ideas. Plato never rests in phenomena, however carefully classified, nor in words, however abstract and general. They are to him nothing but indexes and guide-posts to what lies beneath them. And we ought to be on our guard against a theory that flatters us with the promise of an easy and immediate explanation of Platonism, even if we are not in possession of the explanation itself.\*

'The Republic' is an enquiry into the nature of Justice. Socrates had gone down with Glaucon to the Piræus to witness the first celebration of a festival lately introduced from Thrace. As they were returning to the city, Polemarchus, the son of Cephalus caught sight of them, and with a strong body of friends, persuaded them to turn back. They went to the house of Cephalus, a cheerful, intelligent old man, glad to be escaping by the decay of his bodily powers, the furious tyranny of his appetites and passions. He is quite sure that if old men are miserable and querulous, it is the result of their character, not of their years; that for well ordered minds and gentle spirits old age is not intolerable. Socrates asks whether his cheerfulness may not be the result of his easy circumstances, and asks what he thinks is the greatest advantage his wealth has secured him. Cephalus says that he regards it as the most important service riches can render to a wise and good man, that they help to preserve him even from those unintentional acts of injustice which disturb the close of life, and make men dread their entrance into another world.

"You speak most admirably, Cephalus," I said. "But this very thing,

---

\* A signal instance of this confusion is in Lewes's 'Biographical History of Philosophy.'

this justice,—are we to say that it is simply speaking truth, and the restoring whatever one may have received from another ; or would it be sometimes just and sometimes unjust to do these very things ? For instance, everybody would say that if one were to receive arms from a friend when in his senses, and the friend were to ask them back when he was mad, it would neither be right to give such things back to him, nor would a person be just who did give them back ; nor, again, who should consent to tell the truth in every respect to one so circumstanced.” “You are right,” he said. “Then the definition of justice is not this—to speak the truth and to restore whatever has been entrusted to us ?”

“Nay, but surely that must be it, Socrates,” said Polemarchus, joining in the discussion ; “at any rate, if we are to believe Simonides.”

“Very well,” said Cephalus. “And I will resign the discussion to you, for I must now go and attend to the sacrifices.” “Then Polemarchus is heir to your part of it ?” I said. “Just so,” he replied, smilingly, and went off at once to the sacrifices.\*

In this way the main enquiry of the dialogue is begun. Polemarchus tries to defend the definition of Simonides, that ‘it is just to render to every man his due.’ What is ‘due’ from one to another would seem to depend on the relation between them ; so that, for example, help is due from friend to friend, harm from enemy to enemy. Yet on this showing, the real service that justice, as such, can render, seems very slight. For it is not justice but medical skill that benefits a friend who is sick ;—nautical skill that benefits a friend who has to undertake a voyage. Even in covenants and partnerships it is not justice that renders the positive benefit, but knowledge of trade and the qualities of those articles which are to be bought and sold. And, moreover, since we often entirely mistake the characters of men, justice, according to the definition of Simonides, may require us to benefit our enemies and hurt our friends, simply because we do not know them to be such ; and, in like manner, to hurt the good and benefit the evil, because we have misjudged their characters. Again, by hurting an unjust man, you make him more unjust ; and it is absurd to suppose that by virtue of our justice we lessen the justice of another.

Though these separate objections, and especially the last of them, are not without an independent value, yet Plato is all along ridding us of the *idola fori*, delivering us from that slovenly, market-place use of words which cheats us into the belief that we are wise. The enquiry must therefore still be pursued—what is justice ? Is there no better definition than that of Simonides ?

\* Plato. Vol. VI., pp. 272—273. Bekker.



\* Now Thrasymachus,\* even while we were in the middle of our arguing, had often been eager to interrupt the discussion, and was only hindered by those who were sitting by, and who wanted to hear it out; but as soon as we stopped, and I had asked for some other definition of justice, he could no longer keep silence, but, gathering himself up like a wild beast, he rushed upon us as if he were going to tear us in pieces. Indeed, such was our terror, both I and Polemarchus were utterly panic-stricken. And, bawling out before all the company, he said, "What nonsense is it that possesses you two all this while, Socrates? And why do you make such fools of yourselves, by letting yourselves be beaten by each other? But if you really want to know what justice is, don't merely ask questions, and pride yourself on refuting the answers, (for anybody can tell you that it is easier to ask questions, than to answer them) but answer the question yourself, and tell us what you say that justice is. And I warn you not to tell me that it is the obligatory, or the profitable, or the advantageous, or the lucrative, or the expedient; but tell me plainly and exactly what you call it, for I am not the man to take in the stuff you generally talk." . . . "Listen now,"† he said, after a good deal of swagger and impudence, "for I say that justice is nothing in the world but *the interest of the stronger.*"

If Thrasyarchus were the only Sophist, or the best of the Sophists whose opinions have come down to us, perhaps Mr. Grote, and, we must add, Dr. Whewell, would scarcely have taken the trouble to defend them. The increase of general education, such as it is, and of the strength of democratic tendencies in England, is enabling us, in a somewhat painful way, to understand those Greek professors, whose reputation, after centuries of infamy, is at last finding favour and protection. They were something like each, they exhibited a combination of some of the aims and qualifications of all those classes of public teachers with which we are familiar—the schoolmaster, the professor, the minister of religion. Their pupils were often of high rank and great influence in the state; they were very numerous, they often paid very high fees. They were taught anything that might fit them for public life, especially oratory—to make speeches—they were taught this well. They could, as the result of their training, defend and accuse with equal plausibility. They could make 'the worse appear the better reason.' The great fault of the Sophists—a fault pregnant with almost all conceivable mischief—was this, that they were the slaves of public opinion. Whether Athens wished for good or evil, poison or food, they undertook simply to supply what she demanded. The more clever they were, the more sagaciously they could antici-

\* Plato. Vol. VI., p. 283. Bekker.

† *Ibid.* Vol. VI., p. 291. Bekker.

pate her caprices, and profit by their foresight. They were content to leave foundations and principles untouched; or, rather, to assume as a first principle, that no eternal foundations and immutable laws exist. They set out from convention, from that which was generally agreed upon, avoiding extravagance on either side. Even the impudence of Thrasymachus—a very unfavourable example—is chiefly in his manner; he is an extravagant disclaimer of extravagance. Justice and injustice were things to be agreed upon. Practically the stronger, in whatever their strength consisted, would have it settled for their own advantage. But there was no need of exact definition. Justice sounded quite as fine in a speech, whether men knew the meaning of it or not. Injustice was quite as good a charge to bring against an enemy, whatever it might be, or not be. Indeed popular assemblies and public opinion always regard exactness, both of language and thought, as useless, and even mischievous. It is called ‘hair-splitting’—‘distinction without difference;’ in our time, by a curious inversion of the original meaning of words, it is often called ‘sophistry.’ When a man, or a class of men, set out from public opinion, and consent to make it the standard of their thought, and speech, and conduct, they are not necessarily the worst men of their age, but they inevitably debase society exactly in proportion to their influence. No man dares openly, and in all things, to govern himself, and to be to himself the measure of all things. He is sure that the true and the false, right and wrong, cannot depend upon his will, and change according to all his caprices. He often indeed wishes it could be so, and is sorely tempted to act as if it were. But in his way and degree, he overcomes the temptation; he will not create, he will discover, he will learn. If he is told that things are as he wishes them to be, nothing could better please him; he does not much care who tells him so, provided it be not simply and palpably himself. Now the mischief done by the sophist in all ages and places arises from exactly this, he is merely a concealed self. Though he professes to teach, though he probably takes credit for forming and guiding, he really only follows. He simply echoes our own voice, reflects our own image. He knows what we should like to learn, and that he teaches to us. We seem to be receiving an independent confirmation of what we had all along believed; we are, in fact, only hearing some shrewd teacher telling us what we had first most innocently told him. We submit to authority and dictation with much seeming modesty; we do not notice that it is only our own authority and dictation in disguise. Hence we are beguiled into pride by our very humility; we escape government, which a sure human instinct compels us to seek, by the very act of submission. We make ourselves the measure of all things,

even of right and wrong, by that very deference to the opinions of others in which we seem to be accepting an independent standard. And 'the light that is in us becoming darkness, how great is that darkness!'

While the positive mischief done both to society and individuals by men like the Sophists, is very great, while incalculable misery is sure in the end to result from their debasing the currency of truth, and circulating our bad money or worthless paper, for sterling coin; yet perhaps in what they leave undone, they are more mischievous still. One of the very strongest temptations by which men are beset is the temptation to be content with outward, material, physical prosperity—a prosperity that can be exactly measured by the tests of the money market. They hate what they call theories. If they find on their tree social or commercial leaves, blossoms, and, above all, one or two seasons of fruit, they are content to take for granted the soundness of the root, the fertility of the soil, the sufficiency of their horticulture, or agriculture. This is so, even when the pettiest selfishness would dictate a wiser course. Farmers are notoriously ignorant of agricultural science, and notoriously averse to enquiry, experiment, and change. What proportion even of successful merchants understand the theory of credit, or the currency; or, in other words, those very laws to which their own success or failure is bound by a most rigid and unbending necessity? What proportion of legislators representing commercial constituencies, are acquainted with those first elements of political economy upon which all commercial prosperity depends? Men hate principles and foundations. If they can get a superstructure barely to stand and last their time, they are content, and they are very much annoyed by any hint of its instability. And if even in spite of the pettiest and most worldly prudence, the hatred of principles is so inveterate and strong, it is far stronger in regard to those moral and spiritual foundations upon which ultimately all must rest. Men are content with an undefined and inexact orthodoxy, both in ethics and theology, tolerant of almost anything but the definite and the exact. Even this miserable substitute for certainty and knowledge is not for use. It fills an empty corner that must have something in it; though it is so little seen that almost anything will do. The vast majority of men are meanly ambitious to deserve the sort of praise that has been awarded by Macaulay to Lord Bacon. 'He never meddled with those enigmas which have puzzled hundreds of generations, and will puzzle hundreds more. He said nothing about the grounds of moral obligation, or the freedom of the human will. He had no inclination to employ himself in labours resembling those of the damned in the Grecian Tartarus; to spin



for ever on the same wheel round the same pivot, to gape for ever after the same deluding clusters, to pour water for ever into the same bottomless buckets, to pace for ever to and fro on the same wearisome path after the same recoiling stone.'

The quarrel of Socrates and Plato, and Aristotle too, with the Sophists was, that they were quacks,\* that they had no earnest purpose, that they had no genuine science; were mere superficial, clever talkers. They did something to enable men to accomplish their purpose in stirring, democratic Athens; they did nothing to show men whether their purposes were worth accomplishing, or to inspire them with noble or heroic aims. They did not investigate, they made speeches. They did not ask questions, nor wait till questions were asked; they superseded all enquiries by their own pompous dogmas. While society was certainly imperfect, and becoming rapidly corrupt, they made its dictum their ultimate law. Their standard was public opinion. They set out from, and they returned to convention—the right of society, if it liked, to consider black white, and white black; truth a lie, and lies truth; good evil, and evil good; the right of Athens to honour the Sophists, and poison Socrates. The right of man to be the measure of all things; at least the utter uselessness of seeking any other measure.

That this was Plato's view of the real character of the Sophists is plain from the following passage; which is indeed highly valuable in itself as indicating the special dangers to which, what are called public men, are exposed in every age:—

'Do you hold'† (says Socrates) 'with the multitude, that there are certain individuals corrupted by sophists in their youth, and certain individual sophists who corrupt, in a private capacity, to any considerable extent? Do you not rather think that those who hold this language are themselves the greatest of sophists, training most elaborately, and finishing to their own liking, both young and old, men and women? Pray when?—

'Whenever they crowd to the popular assembly, the law courts, the theatre, the camp, or any other public gathering of large bodies, and there sit in a dense and uproarious mass to censure some of the things said or done, and applaud others, always in excess; shouting and clapping, till, in addition to their own noise, the rocks and the place wherein they are, echo back, redoubled, the uproar of their censure and applause. At such a moment, how is a young man, think you, to retain his self-possession? Can any private education which he has

---

\* See a very admirable paper on the Sophists in the 'Journal of Classical and Sacred Philology.' No. II.

† Davies and Vaughan, p. 233.

received hold out against such a torrent of censure and applause, and avoid being swept away down the stream, wherever it may lead, until he is brought to adopt the language of these men as to what is honourable and dishonourable, and to imitate all their practices, and to become their very counterpart?

‘There is not, has not been, and indeed there never can be, a character that will regard virtue with different feelings, if trained in close contact with the education which popular assemblies impart. . . . All those mercenary adventurers who, as we know, are called sophists by the multitude, and regarded as rivals, really teach nothing *but the opinions of the majority*, to which expression is given when huge masses are collected, and dignify *them* with the title of wisdom. As well might a person investigate the caprices and desires of some huge and powerful monster in his keeping, studying how it is to be approached, and how handled; at what times, and under what circumstances it becomes most dangerous or most gentle; what cries it is in the habit of uttering on different occasions, and further, what sounds uttered by another person soothe or exasperate it; and when he has mastered all these particulars, by long continued intercourse, as well might he call his results wisdom, systematize them into an art, and open a school, though in reality he is wholly ignorant which of these humours and desires is fair, and which foul; which good, and which evil; which just, and which unjust; and therefore is content to fix all these names to the fancies of the huge animal, calling what it likes good, and what it dislikes evil, without being able to render any other account of them; nay, giving the titles of “just” and “fair” to things under compulsion, because he has not discerned himself, and therefore cannot point out to others that wide distinction which really holds between the nature of the compulsory and the good. Tell me, in heaven’s name, do you not think that such a person would make a strange instructor?’

‘Yes, I do think so.

‘And do you think there is any difference between such a person and the man who makes wisdom consist in having studied the whim and pleasures of the assembled many-headed multitude, whether in painting, or in music, or finally in politics?’

Oddly enough, Dr. Whewell seems to regard this passage as an apology for the Sophists. For once, at any rate, he imagines that Plato has dealt more candidly with his rivals than his commentators have, and he says, ‘that Plato in this matter is right and his commentators wrong.’\* This seems to us to be another and very lamentable instance of the low moral tone of Dr. Whewell’s commentary. Whatever it may be for other people it is assuredly a most mean and cowardly thing for any public

---

\* ‘Platonic Dialogues,’ &c. Vol. III., p. 259.

teacher to do no more than echo the voices of those whom he pretends to instruct, and to consult not what he believes to be their real interest, but only their ignorance and caprice. If a man know himself to be a coward he may be quite sure he has no call to be a public teacher at all. This is true for all departments of instruction. A physician who, out of deference to public opinion, should consent to adopt what he knew to be an inferior course of treatment, should, for the sake of his practice and fees, deliberately suppress the truth and perpetuate falsehood, would be no true physician at all, but a very pitiable quack. And we should remember that the philosopher (and more obviously still, a minister of religion) has to investigate the foundation and moral character of public opinion itself. It is his function not to say what the fashion happens to be, nor to teach people how to talk, and dress, and act, in accordance with it; but to say whether the fashion itself is worth regarding, whether it is ennobling or demoralizing. The philosopher who, instead of doing this, is careful to teach only what he thinks people will like to hear, is no true philosopher, but only in the evil sense of that name a sophist. Swim with the stream if you choose, we might say to such an one, but don't pretend that your little boat is really the cause of the current that is bearing you along. Utter your pretty profitable platitudes if you like, as long as you can get any body to pay you for doing it; but don't imagine that you are regenerating society. Understand quite clearly that you are far more tools than workmen; and that the art you practise is not education, but the art of getting money and fame by ministering to the prejudices of your neighbours.

Socrates answers the Sophist, Thrasymachus, according to his sophistry, the man of words by verbal subtilty, though not only by that. But he does not so answer his theory. That theory finds, so far as it has any truth or sincerity in it, a far fuller exposition from Glaucon and Adeimantus; who cannot indeed believe it, though so often repeated, and so generally accepted, but who wish to find its answer, not in the region of words but of realities.

According to the current opinion, justice is an unpleasant necessity. It belongs to that class of good things which we value not for their own sakes, but for their consequences, like gymnastic training or medical treatment. Men would prefer very often to commit injustice if that did not involve liability to suffer it; and what we should gain by the first would not compensate us for what we should probably lose by the second. Therefore a compact is necessary that there shall be a mutual abstinence from injustice. This is the origin of legislation, and of our calling that just which



is sanctioned by law. Justice is good as being a mean between two extremes—the greater good of being able to do injustice without suffering for it, and the greater evil of being compelled to suffer injustice without being able to do it.

In fact men do not really love justice, they only tolerate it; the outwardly just man forsakes his justice when he thinks he can do so without detection.

To come to the true decision in this matter, we must contrast the perfectly unjust man with the perfectly just. The former is one who never bungles and gets found out, who never loses an opportunity of serving himself at the expense of others, who all the while keeps up a reputation for integrity, and so secures the advantages both of *being* unjust and of *seeming* just. Even if he should get into trouble by some concurrence of unforeseen circumstances, he is a clever and persuasive speaker, and, by his previous gains, he can reward his friends, and appease his enemies.

‘And such being the unjust man,\* let us place beside him, in carrying out our argument, the simple and noble man, desiring, as Aeschylus has it, “not to seem, but to be good.” We must assuredly take away the seeming. For if he has the reputation of being just, he will receive those honours and rewards which are always given to the man who has such a reputation. In that case it would be uncertain whether he was what he was for justice’s sake, or for the sake of its honours and rewards. He must be stripped absolutely bare of everything but his justice; and we must make his circumstances the very reverse of those of the unjust man, with whom we are contrasting him. For without committing one unjust act, let him have the very worst character for injustice; so that his justice may have been thoroughly tested, and proved too sterling to give way, even under infamy and its consequences. But let him continue unchangeable in his justice unto death, being just, but all his life long having the reputation of injustice; so that both these men having come to the extremity, the one of justice, the other of injustice, we may truly judge which of them is the happier.’

‘Good heavens! my dear Glaucon,’ said I, ‘how vigorously you are cleansing each of the two men, like a statue, for our judgment.’

‘I am doing my best,’ he said; ‘and the two men being of the sort I have described, there will be no difficulty, so far as I can see, in ascertaining the kind of life which awaits each of them. Let me therefore tell you what it is; and if the description should seem somewhat coarse, do not consider it mine so much as theirs, who extol injustice above justice. This, then, is what they will say,—that a just man placed in such circumstances will be scourged, tortured, fettered, will have his eyes burnt out, and at last having endured

\* Plato. Vol. VI., p. 337. Bekker.

all manner of sufferings, will be crucified, and find out that he should desire not to be but to seem just. In fact, what Aeschylus says is far more appropriate to the unjust man, for they will say that the really unjust man, inasmuch as he pursues a course that has a resemblance to truth, and does not live for appearances, wishes "not to seem but to be" unjust.

‘Reaping a harvest from his soul’s deep soil,  
A harvest of wise plans and purposes.’

‘So that he will be able first of all to obtain power in the state by appearing to be just, then to marry any wife he may choose, and to get as good matches as he likes for his children ; to make contracts and partnerships wherever he may think proper ; and above all this to make very large profits, by not being too squeamish to commit an injustice. Moreover, in any contest, whether private or public, he will be able to overcome and overreach his opponents, and by overreaching them to get rich, and to help his friends and injure his enemies, and to offer sacrifices and dedicate gifts to the gods in the most abundant and magnificent way ; and, indeed, to pay court both to the gods and to his favourites among men, so much better than the just man, as in all probability to become a far greater favourite with the gods than he. So, they say, Socrates, that both by gods and men, a better provision is made for the life of the unjust than for the life of the just.’

And Adeimantus is not content with even this statement of the case. He directs attention not so much to the disparagements of the enemies as to the eulogies of the professed friends of justice. They all describe it as a rough and uphill road. They all chiefly praise the reputation and honour and rewards which it secures ; so that from our very childhood we are taught to desire its effects rather than itself ; and are scarcely even told what in itself it really is. The existence of the gods only makes the whole matter worse. If they care anything about us, the very men who assure us of their existence and their relations to men, tell us that even the gods can be bought by sacrifices and gifts, by incantations and mysteries.

It would have been very humiliating, perhaps very useful, certainly very easy, to have substituted for the words of Glaucon and Adeimantus encomiums of wrong, or utilitarian eulogies of justice, from modern moralists and divines. One or two of the clear, transparent sentences of Doctor Paley, a disciple and minister of Him, who ‘without committing a single act of injustice,’ was called gluttonous, and a friend of publicans and sinners, a blasphemer and a rebel, ‘and at last having endured all manner of sufferings, was crucified,’ shall condense all into brief space which was so perplexing to those noble youths who loved to converse

with Socrates, all that which by its plausibility, and yet deep and radical iniquity, filled *them* with a divine disgust.

‘The motive of human virtue is everlasting happiness. The difference and the only difference between an act of prudence, like getting security for a debt, and an act of duty like keeping your word, is this,—that in the one case we consider what we shall gain or lose in the present world; in the other case we consider also what we shall gain or lose in the world to come. They who would establish a system of morality independent of a future state, must look out for some different idea of moral obligation, unless they can show that virtue conducts the possessor to certain happiness in this life, or to a much greater share of it than he could attain by a different behaviour. To us there are two great questions,—will there be after this life any distribution of rewards and punishments at all? If there be, what actions will be rewarded, and what will be punished?’\*

It is humiliating to contrast this morality not with Plato’s only, but even with the better portions of that lighter literature which he would assuredly have banished from his perfect State. Horace was not a very great man, not very noble in his theories, or correct in his life; but there flashed upon him sometimes the glory of the eternal justice, and once at least the witty satirist and song-writer was surprised into higher and diviner strains. He sang of a justice that the mighty hand of thundering Jove could not shake from its firm purpose; of a just man who would know no taint of fear, though he were smitten down by the ruins of a shattered world.†

By this apparent digression, we are many degrees nearer the object of our search, for Glaucon and Adeimantus have brought us face to face with a fact which all are compelled, in one form or other, to admit, which has been very variously explained; the fact that the individual cannot exist without society, cannot be known apart from society; that, therefore, justice in the individual cannot be known apart from justice in society. The Sophists affirmed this by making convention the creator and standard of justice and virtue. St. Paul has affirmed this by saying that we constitute a body, and ‘are all members one of another.’ Hobbes has affirmed this in his ‘Leviathan;’ Locke in his ‘Social Compact;’ Butler in his ‘Sermons on Human Nature.’ Finally, this fact has obtained a new and coarse expression in the application of statistics and general averages, to the explanation of the history of civilization.

---

\* Paley’s ‘Moral Phil.’ Vol. II., p. 3.

† C. iii., 3.



It may safely be affirmed that there is no way of dealing with this fact, if we would uphold the essential and independent glory of virtue, but that of the Platonic Socrates. However carefully we may examine the constitution of the individual man, and however satisfactory may be the results of that examination, the objection, for those who want an objection, will always be easy and plausible—that we brought our conclusion to the investigation or should never have found it there. Little as we may be conscious of the influence, we shall be told that we were entirely guided by the customs of society and the sanctions of law, so universal as to be almost unperceived, both in our selection and arrangement of facts, and in our interpretations of them. Society, the State, convention, determined our point of view; and so, if not what we should see, at least how we should see it—they coloured the medium through which alone it was possible for us to look. The only answer to this sophistry must be the result of a careful examination of society itself, of the foundations and principles upon which it rests. To this enquiry, therefore, Socrates proposes that he and his friends should address themselves. The original object of their investigation, the nature of justice, is not forgotten, it is not even suspended; through the State is the direct road to its attainment. Nor does Socrates invent and construct a Society that shall be a true and exact copy, within the inevitable earthly limitations of the heavenly and eternal Ideal. He tries to discover what suggestions of that Ideal and what strivings to realize it there are in any society, however it may have originated, or whatever it may have become, so long as it can at all deserve the name of a State. Every government, however changeable its form, and inadequate to secure the ends for which it exists, assuredly does profess, by the very fact of being a government, to exist for certain ends; which we may hope by patience to ascertain. There is implied in the relation expressed by the very name 'governors,' a kingliness and superiority; by whatever gifts of nature, or processes of education, or combination of both, these qualities may have been obtained or perfected, and however those who possess them may have been separated to their royal work. And, on the other hand, the subordination of the governed implies a difference and inferiority to their rulers in the reality of things and not merely in artificial arrangements. So that when Mr. Grote says that Plato's charges against the Sophists could only be maintained by his insisting on a thorough reconstruction of society, we may safely concede that; only remembering that the reconstruction would be more properly a reiteration, an honest endeavour to secure the accomplishment of those purposes for which all political society exists. The sophists talked, indeed, of govern-

ment, but they did not ask what it meant. They cared for no distinctions between the *de jure* and the *de facto*. They were content that, if had been so agreed, fools should govern the wise, weak men the strong, cowards the brave, unrighteous men the just. It was the labour of Plato's life to affirm and to demonstrate that the Eternal God has denied to such a government honour and perpetuity.

It is not fair to represent Plato's investigation of the foundations of society as neither more nor less than putting the individual under a microscope. It has, indeed, all the advantages that would be sought by any such means; it removes the difficulties which are only the consequence of the minuteness of the object we examine. But the question with Plato is not so much one of greater or less, as one of first or second. The attitude of his opponents required that the greater, and therefore for its greatness the more easily examined, should be for its importance and its assimilating power over the less, *first* examined. It is not because the individual is less than the State, but because he is affirmed to be the mere creature of the State, that the necessity of examining justice in the State arises.

When Plato assumes (as he does in this part of 'The Republic') that there are no elements in society which are not to be found somewhere or other among its separate members, the assumption can only be refuted by the production of some fact incompatible with it. It has never yet been proved that *men* chemically combine. The languages of men no less than the objections of sophists point in the opposite direction; and it is fair to assume, provisionally at least, that qualities having universally the same names are really the same qualities; that wisdom, fortitude, temperance, justice, are not essentially different, whether we predicate them of many or of one. Whether this provisional hypothesis does not guide us to a certain fact, we shall be better prepared to decide after a careful and reverent perusal of 'The Republic' itself.

In describing the conditions under which a political society might be supposed to be formed, Plato shows us that if he had considered the wealth as identical with the well-being of a nation he could have anticipated no small or unimportant part of our modern science of Political Economy. He describes (though only in passing, and as it were parenthetically) the importance of a division of labour with a scientific accuracy and minuteness of detail and illustration scarcely surpassed by Adam Smith; and he clearly indicates as a necessary condition of the material wealth of a society a foreseeing limitation of the population, though he does not connect the doctrine with its foundation in the manner to which we have become accustomed. We see, however, at a

glance that Political Economy, and the 'Physical Sciences,' are with Plato entirely subordinate, regarding man as they do in the least *human* possible way; and it is impossible to be surprised by the exclamation of Glaucon;—'Why, if you were founding a society of pigs, Socrates, in what different way could you possibly fatten them up?' Possibly the 'philosophy of fruit' does sometimes yield nothing but the husks on which only swine can feed. A society of men drawn together merely by their animal desires and wants will not be long content with mere necessities, they will wish for luxuries. The existence of a single article of luxury will often imply that the population has increased to three or four times its original and natural dimensions. It will involve the necessity for more room, that necessity for larger territory will often be the occasion of wars; wars will need armies. But it is plain that men who are strong and spirited enough for the defence of a State are strong and spirited enough to subjugate and destroy it. The class of guardians must therefore be not only brave, but at the same time gentle to their friends and fellow-citizens. It is all along evident that Plato is not constructing a fanciful and theoretically perfect army; he is laying bare those qualities and principles which are implied in the very existence of any army whatever, however lawless and tumultuary, until that point has been passed at which the injuries it inflicts become greater than the injuries it prevents, until it ceases to be an army, and becomes a formidable gang of murderers and thieves. It is manifest that the qualities essential to those who are to be the guardians, will be in a measure the gift of nature, in a measure the result of education. It is necessary, therefore, to inquire what that course of education is which is calculated to produce or perfect the qualities which the guardians must possess; that to which all actual training in proportion to its excellence and success does in fact approximate. Here we enter upon that part of the Dialogue which is the foundation of their theory who regard it as a Treatise on Education, and which Dr. Whewell treats as a mere digression.

A sufficiently exhaustive account of the necessary training is, that it consists of gymnastic for the body and (in the broad Greek sense) music for the mind. The kind of instruction to be given to the young will be determined by its object. If we wish them to become brave, we shall not teach them the encomiums of cowardice. Above all, we shall not suffer them to be told that the gods and heroes have been cowardly, or deceitful, or sensual, or anyway mean and unworthy of reverence and imitation. It is wearisome to vindicate 'The Republic' over and over again from that Utopian and fantastic reputation which it has so long enjoyed;



but it may be well to remark that the exclusion of the poets, and in modern phrase the censorship of the press, is both justified and practised by the most liberal and lax among ourselves. Plato means to say that the existence of a State and of a guardian class of its citizens involves in its very nature and idea the exclusion of pestilent lies and infectious examples, incompatible with its strength and permanence. He is not framing a code of laws, he is exhibiting those principles upon which laws and customs are resting, and the objects which often unconsciously they intend to secure. How to make the law or custom adequately express the principle and accomplish the purpose is *the* problem of legislation; a problem which in respect to literature our own government scarcely attempts to solve, but leaves to the spontaneous legislation of the people themselves. And they *do* legislate. They exclude, not always wisely, but often very sweepingly and capriciously, whole classes of literature. They admit Plato's principle, even when they most blunderingly apply it. And as in a perfectly harmonized individual, his enjoyments and abstinences have no touch of restraint; so in a perfect State (and so in the ratio of perfection) perfectly wise and unselfish rulers, legislating with a perfect wisdom, for perfectly wise subjects, would apply right principles to the utmost possible extent, and push them to their last consequences, without any shadow of tyranny in the governors or oppression in the governed.

There are mythologies, not Greek, which would scarcely bear the test of Plato's criticism; there are forms even of Christianity to which we may safely affirm that the conversion of Plato would have been an unmitigated calamity. A paragraph may well be spared for a brief and condensed statement of those doctrines which, wherever found, his cultivated moral sensibility was compelled to reject. His illustrations are taken from Homer, and Hesiod, and the Tragedians, the greatest teachers and divines of his age; and there are modern sources from which they might be as abundantly supplied.

He will not allow the youths to be taught that the sons of the gods set themselves up above their divine fathers, thwarted their purposes and disobeyed their commands, and even mutilated their persons; for he is sure that all human relations of fatherhood and sonship will be confused and desecrated, if their heavenly models are so defiled and imperfect. He will not allow that the gods are vindictive or quarrelsome, or wage war lightly with each other; for how could men, believing this of heaven, fail to reproduce it on earth? He will have God constantly affirmed to be what he really is, and above all, good—in no case, therefore, the author of evil. He will not believe a god can persuade a man to violate

oaths and treaties,—that God will doom and tempt a man to sin, and then devote his whole posterity to perdition because the fate is accomplished and the temptation successful—according to the myths of Homer and the tragedians.\* He will not allow the poets to say that the gods inflict punishment without any regard to the advantage and purification of those who are punished.

‘But if the poets were to tell us that because the wicked are sure to be miserable they therefore need chastisement, and that when they are made to suffer punishment they are really receiving a blessing from God—that explanation we may allow; but we must resolutely, by all means, contend against any story-teller, whether in prose or verse, declaring in his State, if it is really to be well governed, or any one, old or young, being suffered to hear that God, who is good, is the author of mere suffering to anybody; inasmuch as such assertions are both unholy and injurious, and self-contradictory.†

Plato is sure that the gods do not lie, either in speech or act, assuming unworthy disguises, or uttering delusive words; for even men hate a lie—a genuine lie; and with the gods there is no room for those poor inducements to deceit which so often distort the honesty of men. He is sure that men cannot be made brave and noble by the fear of hell, and that they will not be able to scorn death, and fling away even their life for duty, until they get rid of the doleful names and gloomy fables by which the poets have darkened the world to come. He will not believe that the heroes, near to the ancestral gods, were querulous, and discontented, and gluttonous, and sensual. In a word, he will believe nothing of heaven which he would not have repeated on earth,—nothing of God which would be mean and contemptible even in man. And in all this he is in no degree merely theoretic and fantastical. He lays hold of that truth, those fundamental principles, which the very poets themselves have acknowledged and laboured to express. These falsehoods that he will not allow to be told of God, he forbids because they contradict the very nature and idea of God. He in effect says to the poets; ‘You cannot name the name of God and then connect it with weakness, and ignorance, and lust, and trickery, and ill-temper, and cruelty. If you do, your poems are not only false to the reality of things, they are self-contradictory—they are at once mischievous and absurd. The laws of a perfect State, if they are to be the expression of a perfect good-taste, and consistency, and knowledge, and truth, must

---

\* Ex. g. *Œdipus Tyrannus*.

† Plato. Vol. VI., p. 383. Bekker.

necessarily exclude you.' And we cannot too constantly remember that the laws of *such* a State are in no degree grievous, because they are the necessary and desired result of its essential character—of its very being. They are no more grievous or artificial to the body politic, than in the natural body are the laws which direct with such rigid determination through what channels the blood shall flow, and the processes of respiration. They are not imposed from without, they are inherent in the very State itself.

While we are looking on all sides for suggestions on Popular Education, it might not be unwise to retire from the confusion and jarring interests of our own age, to that calm region of principles which Plato explores and describes. Indeed what we still need is, a better defined *object* of education; when we are quite sure what we want to do, we shall be more likely to discover the best way of doing it.

Among those who are subjected to the Platonic training, all will not be equally benefited; some only will receive the whole music into themselves, becoming perfectly harmonized, and true representatives of the whole community. These are evidently the genuine rulers, magistrates, guardians; the rest of the guardians are to be called auxiliaries. It is worth while again to pause, for the sake of showing once more that 'The Republic' is not a fantastic Utopia,—that so far from being nowhere, it is everywhere. Many a wiseacre has made himself merry with a State governed by wise and unselfish men, because they *are* wise and unselfish. It certainly is different from a State in which a man becomes a legislator in spite of incurable stupidity, and for the very sake of being in a position to do pleasant little jobs for himself and his relations, because independent electors are bribed or drunk. But does an honorable Member proclaim upon the house-top that he owes his seat to bribery and corruption? Does not the disgusting hypocrisy and contemptible flattery, which makes itself heard and seen on all sides at every general election, pay the usual homage of vice to virtue? Does it not declare that the very existence of rulers implies *a fitness to rule*; does it not, in fact, affirm that very principle which Plato embodies and applies in the education of his guardians? No actual constitution really does give the power to govern only to those who are fit to govern, and to no others; but every constitution professes this object. Our own age, in this country, is specially barren of great statesmen. Indeed, there are bitter indications (not however without some gleams of light, some indignant warnings and manly protests,) that *our* sophist age has come. Our statesmen are debaters; to be able to speak well is the great ability. To keep clear of principles, and 'paper theories,' and 'labours resembling those of the damned in the



Grecian Tartarus,' is *the* political wisdom. To ask the patient what medicine he would be pleased to prefer, is the craft of our political physicians. And, that a theory to justify even the haters of theory may not lag behind their practice, the last historian of 'Civilization in England' (whose book, clever, learned, fascinating, clear as crystal, is the very model of unspiritual history,) assures us 'that the aim of the legislator should be, not truth, but expediency;' and 'that the proper business of a statesman is . . . to shape his own conduct, not according to his own principles, but according to the wishes of the people for whom he legislates and whom he is bound to obey.\*' *Such* guardians verily need neither gymnastic nor music; indeed, the less they have of either the better; it were sad to waste a man when you only want a puppet. We ought to be able, nearly nineteen hundred years after the birth of Christ, to answer the political sophistries which Socrates and Plato cast from them with a holy scorn. But if Protagoras, and even Thrasymachus receive holy orders and church preferment, we must needs go back to those nobler heathen, for whom our charity, amazed at its boldness, sometimes ventures to half-hope a heaven, and ask them to fight over again their old battle with their old foes, and save Christendom from the abyss in which the old world was swallowed up.

What is the answer which, in the spirit of our modern political science, a man should give to the question, Who shall be my representative in Parliament? 'He must be a man who, whether he can speak or not, must vote. He must vote exactly as I should vote myself, whatever his own convictions may be. He must take care of my local interests, and the protections or liberties by which my particular trade or commerce will be most effectually served. In fact, he must do exactly what I tell him to do. I shall give no man my vote who will be a party to compelling me to do what I do not in the least wish to do; by passing laws that I do not approve. I shall give my vote to no man who does not distinctly understand that in the very act of becoming my representative he gives up his own experience, judgment, conscience, religion, God, and takes mine instead; who does not clearly see and unambiguously acknowledge that he goes to the House of Commons for no purpose in the world but to deliver my message; for no reason in the world but because I am not allowed to go and deliver it for myself.'

The answer that would be given in the spirit of the Platonic philosophy—an answer, let us hope, not altogether 'unfit for this world'—is surely in a nobler strain. 'I will seek for my repre-

\* Buckle—'Civ. in England,' Vol. I., pp. 416, 417.

sentative one who will represent all in me that is righteous, and wise, and brave, and unselfish; who will utterly scorn to give effect to my mean and covetous desires; whom I can trust because he will not condescend to flatter me and sell his conscience and his country for my vote. I will seek one who will represent my excellences, not by an exact copy reproducing all the imperfections and flaws of the original, but by actually being and doing all that I have been able only dimly to see and anxiously to desire. I will seek one who will act on principle, not from expediency; who will not be misled by the clamour of those who threaten, or the sophistries of those who deceive, or the bribes of those who buy. I do not want a puppet who will move as I pull the strings—I want a man.'

We may think our Platonist's vote will be long in suspense; but, possibly, even hunger may not be worse than poison.

Even Dr. Whewell seems scarcely able to admit that philosophers would be the best, and, indeed, the only true governors in a State. Nor need we wonder; for he has not clearly perceived what in Plato's judgment was the difference between a philosopher and a sophist. Our narrow space compels us to adhere closely to the more obviously practical part of 'The Republic;' but it is quite plain that the commentary and the text in 'The Dialogues for English Readers,' are hopelessly at variance. Without touching, however, in any way of discussion, the profound philosophy upon which all Plato's wise counsels are based, we may notice how in modern times his doctrine that the wise man is the only true ruler, has been revived by one of the chief leaders of thought among ourselves—Mr. Thomas Carlyle. We may observe, also, how in every period of history those who were really the wisest and strongest have governed the State, whoever else may have *seemed* to govern it. Have not, indeed, all reformations and revolutions been the acknowledgment of this, and an endeavour to unite once more the reality and the appearance? And if it be hard to admit that the wisest is the only rightful governor, the other side of the same truth may be more easy, viz., that it cannot fail to be hurtful for the unwise to have rule. Nor must we be offended that in showing us the true and perfect polity, Plato has not also shown us by what slow degrees a rude and uncivilized community may be brought onwards to perfection.

In the course of his investigation into the nature of the State, the Platonic Socrates has been bringing us nearer and nearer to the original object of our search—justice in the individual, justice itself. We have found the magistrates expressing the wisdom of the State; the auxiliaries its courage and fortitude, its spirited element; the inferior classes the temperance, submission, subordi-

nation, self-restraint of the State. By virtue of this last quality, moreover, there is in all classes a concord and agreement as to who ought to govern and who to be governed, who need protection, and who are able to afford it. A good State, however, will assuredly contain justice, and we shall have found social and political justice if we can find that other element, over and above wisdom, fortitude, and temperance, which is essential to the well-being of a State. Surely that remaining element, and therefore justice, is the principle by which every man really does his own work and no other. The statesman does not guide the plough; the carpenter does not change his saw and chisels for lance and sword. If this be justice—keeping every man in his own place, to his own proper work for which he is fit, and refusing to allow him to meddle with other work for which he is not fit—does it need the attractions and protection of rewards and punishment? Can anything be more utterly destructive, more comprehensive of all conceivable mischief, and sufferings, and confusions, than injustice? Can anything be more truly comprehensive of all blessing, order, genuine liberty, and permanence, and strength, than justice? But, further, there is in the individual an animal nature, an appetitive principle, a cupidity which is analogous to the inferior classes in the State—an energy, a will, a spirited principle, corresponding to the class of auxiliaries—a rational principle corresponding to the magistrates. It is, moreover, evident that the reason is meant to govern; the courage, spirit, indignation, enthusiasm, to be reason's ally; the animal nature to be kept in subjection and strictly confined to its own proper work. Now, what is justice but the very principle which secures these ends? A man is *just* in proportion as his reason governs, his courage defends, his animal nature submits. Justice is, therefore, manifestly the health—injustice the disease of the soul. Is it necessary to ask whether justice is *profitable*, whether a man needs to be bribed to be just by honours and rewards? 'Nay, Socrates,' says Glaucon, '*that inquiry already seems to me ridiculous when I consider what justice really is.*'

We seem then to have arrived at the object of our inquiry. But in the course of the discussion the Platonic Socrates has affirmed the necessity in the guardians and auxiliaries of a thorough unselfishness. The governor does not rule for his own advantage, but for the benefit of the ruled. Without such unselfishness every soldier would be, or, at best, easily might be, a murderer and thief. Moreover there are relations analogous to kindred among all Greek States, rendering it plainly desirable that separate cities should neither hastily provoke each other, or too bitterly resent injuries. Indeed unselfishness, overleaping even national bounds, and con-



trolling the passions and desires of individuals and classes, seemed to Plato incompatible with those family relations which would appear above all things to require us, as families, to live unto ourselves. These relationships, therefore, he felt himself compelled to sacrifice. We can scarcely be surprised. All Jewish history and institutions, expanding in the fulness of times into the Christian Church, were needed to teach mankind the sacredness of family life; and how inseparable from *it* is all national stability and universal brotherhood. It is not surprising that one who was not permitted to read the Hebrew story, or to hear that 'the Word was made flesh,' should have been unable to perceive that nothing proper to man is 'common or unclean,' and that family relationships may be at once the noblest images of eternal goodness and love, and the fittest human discipline. But that he should have loved with so deep an affection the unseen and eternal, that he should have longed so eagerly for a brotherhood unconfined by the limitations of time, and space, and fleshly kindred, that he should have 'looked for a city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God;' that for this he should have been willing to sacrifice everything most precious to him and to all men; that he should so utterly have loved righteousness and hated iniquity; that he should with so child-like a reverence and humility have cried out ever to Him who is over all for light and guidance, loving and trusting, in the midst of all the myths and grossness of paganism, a living God, the friend and helper of men—*this* is wonderful indeed. It is indeed inexplicable, unless we widen our more ordinary reading and comprehension of that great revelation of the true light, etc., in 'The true Light who lighteth every man that cometh into the world!'

The youths who conversed with Socrates were charmed by that glorious state which he had set before them—so unlike the quarrelsome autonomous cities of actual Greece; and they were eager to know how so noble an ideal might be realised. It is strange that with this very question and its answer, on the face of 'The Republic,' the old nonsense should be repeated over and over again, even by those who profess to have carefully studied the whole of the 'Platonic Dialogues,'\*—that it describes only a fantastic Utopia, 'unfit for this world.' There is a sense, indeed, in which every theory is nearer the truth than practice. In creation itself the eternal ideas are not only suggested, embodied, imaged; they are also intercepted, obscured, disguised, fettered. But if 'The Republic' be Utopian, because the pure and holy principles and

\* See Lewes's 'Biographical History of Philosophy.' Second Edition. Plato.

laws which it reveals are never in actual cities fully obeyed and expressed—that epithet which more than almost any other moves the scorn and excites the prejudice of practical statesmen, must be so widely applied as to lose all its mischievous significance. In the same sense, nay, in a much higher sense, the Bible is Utopian. The British Constitution, the very ‘Statutes at Large,’ the Bye-Laws of a railway company—all these, and such as these, are Utopian. Each, after its kind, represents an excellence, that whether large or small in theory, is never realized in fact. But if that be ‘practical’ and ‘practicable’ which is nearest akin to *reality*, then there is at most but one better manual for statesmen, in Hellas or in England, than Plato’s ‘Republic.’ And when we are told that it is ‘not fit for this world,’ we may at least ask for something that is. There were Sophists in Greece as well as philosophers. Thrasymachus had ‘liberty of conscience,’ ‘the right of private judgment,’ ‘the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely,’ as much as Socrates. There were hosts of popular and eloquent professors who taught a morality and a polity amply terrestrial; whose watchword was not ‘Order,’ but ‘Liberty;’ who did not believe, and who taught their pupils not to believe, that there were any fixed laws for the health and progress of States. In truth, these were the men who virtually governed Greece, or, rather, who were the exponents and indexes of the political morality of Greece, in spite of the seeming autonomy of her separate and rival cities. History has told us whether *sophistry* is fit for human and national life, whatever may be her testimony concerning Platonism. Sparta and Athens, after all their bitter enmity and protracted struggles, have both yielded to this foe. It flattered and promised; it was a tree adorned with much foliage and blossom; it seemed ‘a philosophy of fruit.’ But to change the image—no matter who took up this viper, and warned it—despotism, oligarchy, democracy—it stung to death. That man or people who yielded to the Sophist, was opposed in a hopeless struggle against that which *is*. And there has been no period when we ourselves, governors and governed, more needed than we do now, the lesson that every such conflict is already decided both in the law of God and the verdict of history.

Plato, when he wrote ‘The Republic,’ was no raw and inexperienced youth, charmingly innocent of all the opposition and scorn with which his political theories would be received. He knew too well that fools would hate knowledge, that men whose lives were built on selfishness would sneer at a law of love, that the slaves of convention and expediency would despise the servants of truth. Indeed a large portion of the sixth book, in the mouth of Socrates, is unutterably touching. In the person

of this very Socrates had not the majority of five hundred and fifty-seven Athenian dikasts condemned philosophy? With the 'Apology,' in our remembrance, the wisdom of Plato seems all too near to the stern realities of life. Had not Athens voted the true pilot a foolish gossiping star-gazer, and asked him what punishment he would beseech for his wisdom less than death, and poisoned him because he would not lie? From the day when Socrates drank the hemlock, philosophy in Greece was doomed. True philosophers were thenceforth declared useless; counterfeit philosophers, from whom alone the people would form their estimate of philosophy herself, would become mischievous more and more. But wisdom did not *become* folly when Athens determined that they should change *names*; and the result of the change of names was simply this, that 'there was a way which seemed right, but the end of it were the ways of death.'

It is not possible, without undue length, to analyse completely the noble dialogue; and indeed no analysis could be a substitute for a careful perusal. But 'The Republic' will never be carefully and reverently perused by those who come to it with the common prejudices which it has been our object, as far as possible, to remove. The common judgment needs to be exactly reversed; for mere theorists and dreamers, 'The Republic' is all but useless, and without interest. It is emphatically a treatise for practical men.

Doubtless it may seem strange to commend Plato as a preacher of righteousness to Christian England in this nineteenth century. Was he not a heathen? If he were living now, should we not send a missionary to convert him? Is it not absolutely certain that upon much of our popular Christianity, theoretical and practical, he would look down with a sorrowful and wondering scorn? It is certain. But the lesson for us is, that the noblest edifice will totter if we remove its foundations, or substitute sand for rock; that even Christianity will cease to benefit us when we make it rest on convention instead of truth. When politics and religion are settled by mere majorities we can put confidence in neither; and the old Greek teacher will be all the more serviceable to us because we cannot suspect him of unworthy motives or popular prejudices.



## III.

## THOMAS CARLYLE ON MODERN SOCIOLOGY.\*

WE have often thought of a remarkable conversation of Bishop Butler, the immortal author of the 'Analogy,' with his very eminent chaplain, Dr. Tucker, who has also recorded it for us in his life. Tucker says, 'the Bishop had a very singular notion respecting large communities and public bodies. His custom was to walk, when in Bristol, for hours in the garden in the darkest night which the time of the year could afford, and I,' said the Dean, 'had frequently the honour to attend him. Thus once and again, after walking for some time, he would suddenly stop and ask the question, "What security is there against the insanity of individuals? The physicians know of none, and as to divines, we have no data either from Scripture or from reason to go upon relative to this affair?" "True, my Lord, no man has a lease of his understanding any more than of his life; they are both in the hands of the sovereign disposer of all things." He would then take another turn, and again stop short. "Why might not whole communities and public bodies be seized with fits of insanity as well as individuals?" "My lord, I have never considered the case, and can give no opinion concerning it." "Nothing but this principle, that they are liable to insanity equally at least with private persons can account for the major part of those transactions of which we read in history." I thought little,' adds the Dean 'of this odd conceit of the Bishop at that juncture; but I own I could not avoid thinking of it a great deal since, and applying it to many cases.' This conversation took place in 1738, upwards of a century since. What if the Dean and Bishop had been walking through Bristol in 1831, or—when the French Revolution was at its height? Truly madness, and Carlyle would at once coincide with the Bishop and his idea of epidemic insanity—the madness of the multitude; but he, through all his works, maintains that our only salvation from this is the grace of God;—'Oh, it is frightful,' he exclaims, 'when a whole nation, as our fathers used to say, has forgotten God.' 'Then,' continues he, 'you advance incessantly towards the land's end; you are literally "consuming the way," step after step, you twenty-seven millions of unconscious men, till you are *at* the land's end; till there

\* *The Christian Life, Social and Individual, in the Present Time.* By Peter Bayne, A.M. London: Freeman.

is not faithfulness enough among you any more; and the next step now is lifted *not* over land, but into air: over ocean deeps and roaring abysses, unless, perhaps, the law of gravitation have forgotten to act? Not one false man but does unaccountable mischief; how much in a generation or two will twenty-seven millions, mostly false, manage to accumulate? the sum of it visible in every street, market place, senate house, circulating library, cathedral, cotton mill, and union workhouse, fills one *not* with a comic feeling.' But that Carlyle should utter such irreligions as these is what does fill most learned editors and such traders with a very comic feeling. Whether we have amended at all, or are amending, we do not now say; but this is how, according to Mr. Carlyle, French Revolutions grow—*In forgetting God.*

For ourselves, we think that it is one great duty of the teachers and thinkers of this age, attentively to study the writings of Thomas Carlyle. It is true that he discusses with a vigour, and clearness, and breadth, beyond any other writer, the social and individual problems of his age. We most heartily endorse the opinion of him expressed by Peter Bayne:—

'The rhythmic cadence in many passages of Mr. Carlyle's works, and still more the original melody and pure gleams of colour in his few early poems, sufficed to prove that he possessed this natural gift. Had he duly cultivated it, he would have been the greatest poet since Milton. With a faculty of expression on a level with that of Shelley or Tennyson, a more vigorous intellectual structure than the former, and a broader and more active sympathy with life than the latter, he would have done things in the poetry of real life, in the epic or dramatic province, of a kind which has not been exemplified since the historical dramas of Shakspeare. The false philosophy, and the false theology, which have spread contagion throughout his prose, would thus have been deprived of half their perilous influence. As it is, it will not be thought extravagant to define his "History of the French Revolution" as the greatest imaginative work of a narrative kind produced in the present century. So Homer would have written, had Homer written in prose. Carlyle's language is uniformly that of the poetic inventor; not gleaned from classic authors or standard dictionaries, but elaborated as the great painter mixes colours to bring out his peculiar tints; and no writers, except Homer and Shakspeare, have been able to put so much into a single stroke as Carlyle.'

Another critic, of quite another order—a Mr. Mc. Nicholl—denies indeed to our writer the faculty of imagination, and thinks more highly of Washington Irving, and his 'History of New York,' than of either 'Sartor Resartus,' or the 'French Revolution'—a delectable imagination, which we leave its author to

profit by. All Mr. Carlyle's social lessons have a relation to 'The History.' It has been remarked, that as in 'Sartor Resartus,' our writer expounded the errors and anomalies of individual life, so in the 'French Revolution' he has expounded the errors of the social; he has done this not less in those volumes than in the 'Latter Day Pamphlets;' the sins which great nations have committed, are the sins which a great nation may commit. And while multitudes of the thoughtless of society only mention that book to deride it, the writer evidently thought not of France, and its past alone, but of another nation still nearer home:—'This then is the abomination of desolation; come suddenly, though long fore-shadowed as inevitable! *For to the blind all things are sudden.*' It is in this way the unhappy and troublesome prophet says to us, 'beware.'

Thus, we admit, if it were merely an affair of metaphysical or transcendental dreaming, our writer would not have won the right to hold our attention so long. But we cannot part with the Priest of Letters without reviewing slightly some items of the social wealth with which these works abound. We have already spoken of his imagination. This is always the unceasing faculty. Carlyle's is most extraordinary. We have repeatedly expressed our own conviction that the 'French Revolution' will be spoken of by the side of the 'Iliad' and 'Heimskringla.' Especially is it like the last as a narrative wild, adventurous, and wonderful, related as by one who has been there, and seen it all. We shall dwell on this at greater length soon, and, therefore, now only say, that this imagination is like the blue lights, which in the storm kindles up the whole scenery of rocks, and waste of waves. Imagination is the exercise in union of the thinking and moral faculty—the command over moral emotion guides the perception and controls the expression. Mr. Carlyle has most graphic power in social painting—here, for instance, in this, which the reader may translate as a true Carlylesque engraving of London by night:—

'*Ach mein Leiber!*' said he once, at midnight, when we had returned from the coffee-house in rather earnest talk, 'it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of night, what thinks Bootes of them, as he leads his hunting dogs over the zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stilled hum of midnight, when traffic has laid down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to walls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only vice and misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick life, is heard in heaven! Oh, under that hideous



coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid ! The joyful and the sorrowful are there ; men are dying there ; men are being born ; men are praying—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing ; and around them all is the vast, void night. The proud grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains ; wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw : in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry villains ; while councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are men. The lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready ; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders : the thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light, and music, and high-swelling hearts ; but, in the condemned cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow : comes no hammering from the *Rabeinstein* ?—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie around us, in horizontal positions ; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame ; and the mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten—all these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them :—crammed in, like salted fish, in their barrel ; or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others : *such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane !—But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all ; I am alone with the stars.

And how have you read that wondrous book, the 'French Revolution,' the most Homeric book since Homer ? If not, then which is, and what age produced it ? If our world should last another thousand years, then, too, may this assuredly be regarded as the *Iliad* of our time, even as that 'French Revolution' is our true 'Siege of Troy ;' in the interest it has created among the nations. And what was the Siege of Troy compared with that greatest fact of modern history ; what more than the story of the wreck of a poor fishing boat recited with the story of Salamis or of the Battle of Trafalgar ? We cannot well help laughing at our much esteemed and very dull brothers, who object to us that the book is by no means a proper history. It is the best history a man in earnest was able to write. Unfortunately, for the artistic fame of our friend, he had not the cold, severe, nonchalant elegance of Gibbon,

or of Robertson, or Hume. Unfortunately, he was obliged to feel all the scenery as he described it. It was not merely the clever, and exact, and very beautiful arrangement of a note book. No! it so happened, that nearly in his day the Vesuvius of Democracy—that strange birth of modern days—burst forth in overwhelming fire. He saw attentively noting, the spouting columns of hissing lava pouring over one devoted nation, and he saw in it a Divine judgment and wrath, and human doom for human sin, and he tells the tale like a man inspired to tell it; and he tells the tale so that in the mere reading there is such a drain upon our nervous energy, that we even feel ourselves weaker, perceptibly, after those appalling realizations. That you are comparatively unable to read it is little to the purpose. Are you able to read with pleasure the ‘Iliad,’ the ‘Paradise Lost,’ nay, even the ‘Heimskringla,’ for this book is to be compared and tried by the side of these. Criticism upon it is like criticism on Homer or Shakspeare; criticism, but criticism as unnecessary as upon some magnificent and overflowing forces of nature. Say what you will, the forces are there. It is like the carving a name upon an Andes, the little chipping deforms, or lacerates, it may be, an inch, but leaves the whole pile colossal and majestic. How we thrill and shiver at that wierd Prolegomena—the death-bed of Louis XV., ‘the unforgotten,’ ‘while the chapel organs keep going, and the shrine of St. Genevieve is let down and pulled up again without effect, and heaving billows blow, and the heaven blackens, and the battering rain-torrents dash with thunder, and the electric fire flashes make the very flambeaux on the altar turn pale, and the false sorceress, Du Barry, vanishes—an unclean thing, a bird of night—till forward through lowest subterranean depths and over highest sunlit heights of harlotdom and rascaldom to the guillotine-axe, which shears away thy vainly-whimpering head! Rest there uncursed, only buried and abolished, what else befitted thee.’ How the shadows, of the coming revolution, are defined in the early pages of this wierd book like the shadows of still trees, which are frequently seen more distinct and still as the night and the storm approach. ‘The age of gold, when vice loses all its deformity, becoming decent, a sweet kind of virtue, and men get rid of the idea of death by victorious analysis, as they had already got rid of the idea of the devil, so that we shall be happy in spite of death and the devil.’ And the wretched, wretched people, amidst dearth, and scarcity, and starvation, presenting their petition to the king at his palace gates, and receiving for answer, ‘two of their number hanged on a gallows forty feet high,’ and the rest driven back to their den for a time, and so the whole nation, with its amusements and philo-

sophies, is beneath a cloud-vapour with rainbows painted on it beautiful to see, and to sail towards; which also hovers over Niagara Falls. Then is there constantly illustrated in this book, that wherever huge physical evil is, there, as the parent and origin of it, has moral evil to a proportionate extent been, and so, 'dance on ye foolish ones; ye and your fathers have sown the wind, ye shall reap the whirlwind.' Was it not from of old written, 'The wages of sin is death.' Yes, the revolution will come. How? 'Through what main crevice will the main explosion carry itself? Through which of the old craters or chimneys; or must it once form a new crater for itself?' 'Singular, indeed, how long the *rotten* will hold together, provided you do not handle it too roughly.' With a Fortunatus purse in its pocket, through what length of time might not almost any falsehood last? But all honour to bankruptcy; ever righteous on the great scale, though in detail it is so cruel; under all falsehoods it works, unweariedly, undermining. No falsehood, did it rise heaven high and cover the world, but bankruptcy will one day sweep it down, and make us free of it.' Yes, for in the dens of France lurk the twin brothers OPPRESSION and REVENGE. Poor Lackalls, betoiled, besoiled, encrusted in dim defacement, to whom, nevertheless, the breath of the Almighty has given a living soul, and beneath whose hungry manhood sin has created a power of mad manhood, as indeed the *capacity* of madness lurks in the darker shell of every human soul. Vain, quite vain, and needless to attempt to recite to you the story of that awful revolution as he has told it—a fearful book—written, if ever a book was written, to show that God always pays debts; that 'he comes with leaden feet, but strikes with iron hands.' We know we must bear the indignation of many of our brethren, but we must bear it, while we say, to us it is inconceivable how the man who has written this book can be charged with irreligious tendencies, with infidelity, and the teachings of falsehood. Who wrote the books of Samuel and of Kings? Let us know, that we may charge on those authors the teachings of infidelity too. What then, is it infidelity to proclaim it that 'the Lord God is one Lord?' That 'the righteous Lord loveth righteousness?' 'That if the fathers eat sour grapes, the children's teeth will be set on edge.' We do not know in our language so truly Hebrew a book, and it reads lessons from the Hebrew side of religion to which it seems very desirable to refer to in these days. It makes our soul sad to hear this book denounced, for to denounce it, surely, is to show sympathy with the very sins it denounces; but the prophet is not only without honour in his own country, he is without honour in his own age. Does the reader think that Ezekiel, or Hosea, or Isaiah, received compli-



ments while they hurled their woes in thunder over the idolatrous kingdom ; and in an age like ours, when hollowness, and scheming, and cant, and British Bank directors, go wandering and prowling like ghosts and unclean night birds to and fro in society, how is it likely that the book of warning prophecy will be received which points to the other '*Astrea redux*,' and to its awful close ? But how shall we describe, if the reader has not read—or perhaps awakened within him, if, uncomprehending, he has read—this wondrous book, where profoundest truth, where the very gospel of society, where the only truth which makes society possible, is taught, but, as in that instance, it only could be taught, by the flashing light of the hell-fires ; with proverbs, and learning, and such eloquence as rarely stirs the soul ; such graphic strength seamed with the lines of vehement earnestness and passion ?

And what a study of men for those who will read the book ! Is not the reality of these actors terrible—'Dog-leech *Marat* ;' 'The sea-green, incorruptible *Robespierre* ;' 'Mirabeau, the man who tramples on formulas ;' 'No weakness *Danton* ;' 'Sir Charles Grandison Cromwell *Lafayette* ;' 'Orleans, pert scald-headed crow,' how they rise before us. This 'French Revolution' of Carlyle is a fine study of what the human heart is capable ; one sees it all, long even before the tocsin of revolution sounds. How admirable that character of its government ; that it is '*government by blind-man's buff*'—'beautiful kingdom of kittenhood, that shall soon develop itself into *cat*hood, and in due time to *tiger*hood, for, alas, the tiger lives in every one of us, tame or untame,' and in this book the men who move to and fro so adroitly, deftly, gracefully gliding, easy forms, soon, before our eyes, transform themselves into bloodthirsty beasts, springing from their lair and bursting their cage, and ramping to and fro among mankind in *sentimental* courtesy, and *wild* savagery. 'For now, as in John Bunyan's day, the family of Mr. Wet Eyes is related to Giant Bloodyman.' Read you ever, for instance, anything like that of the storming of the Bastile, at which how wildly all Europe hurrahed and clapped its hands. Alas, for the nation where there is a Bastile to destroy ; and, alas, for the people, too, to whom it is given to be able to destroy it ; be sure if they are able to do that, they will not be content with doing that ; for the taking of the Bastile is not merely the taking of a Newgate, or a Tower of London, even. It is the taking the hereditary towers, and archives, and depositaries of the tyrannies, and cruelties, and frauds of ages—it is impersonated and consolidated wrong ; there is more than a *Star-Chamber* there : there is more there than we ever knew of in England. Tell us, mysterious Providence, how it is that we

never, in England, knew the wrong which burnt its deep damnation into the soil of France—throne, city, field, and prison. It is in such scenes as the storming of the Bastile that all the wizardry and the magic of Carlyle's style—so graphic, so dramatic in its grandeur—appears. What a Paris was that he has taken upon him to describe to us, and in what images, when he tells us that '*insurrectionary chaos lies slumbering at night all round the palace, like ocean round a diving bell; no crevice yet disclosing itself*;' or that other night when, before the storming of the Bastile, the whole streets were illuminated by order, '*like some naphtha-lighted city of the dead, with here and there a flight of perturbed ghosts*.' What pictures are these!

Yes, in all things the French Revolution was the breaking forth of *madness*, from the day of the procession of Versailles, through all the dreary horrors of it, the baptism day of democracy. '*The sabbath shall cease, and instead of a Christian Sabbath and feast of Guinguette tabernacles, shall come a sorcerer's sabbath; and all Paris, gone rabid, shall dance—with the fiend for a piper*.'

Thus the history is written; and if history be, as we believe it is, the science of human nature, then is the 'French Revolution' a true history, and Mr. Carlyle a true historian. M. Comet, indeed, would disown him, for to him bricks and mortar furnish better documents for history than mankind; and Mr. Buckle might disown him, for to him history is but the story of a steam engine, and not of a soul. Ezekiel, in his wondrous vision, saw the wheels and the cherubs; Mr. Buckle, in the whole history of the world, reads the story of the revolving wheels without the cherub's wing,—and this is just the difference between the history of a man and an engine. But this, then, is the artistic defect of it, that it has a purpose. But, indeed, cause and consequence were so very near to each other that the purpose does not need to be especially magnified; indeed, it will be always true, increase the number and the force of the simultaneously operating causes, and your consequences will the sooner follow. So, then, if there be not only a forgetting of God *very* much, but a public national sacramental denial of Him; if we shut up our churches and cathedrals, and right solemnly proclaim that *noë* and *chaos* rule alone—that there is in fact no God, we should fully expect to see some consequences follow that. For instance in the National Hall, we behold Bishop Torné, a constitutional prelate, not of severe morals, demanding that religious costumes and such caricatures be abolished. Bishop Torné warms, catches fire; finishes by untying and indignantly flinging on the table his own pontifical cross, and the cross is instantly covered by other crosses and insignia, till all are stripped. The spirit in which a man takes

off his cross is much, and here it was not merely renouncing the symbol, it was renunciation of the faith of Christ, of God, of Christianity.

We believe, speaking after the manner of man, God has not forgiven France that revolution yet. We believe God will not forgive it yet. September massacres, Meudon tanneries, where skins of men and women were tanned for human gloves, etc.; the slaughter of the Swiss, the public casting of God and all religion forth from the nation—a people capable of this, as it seems to us, must repent in sackcloth and ashes, ere the time of reconciliation can come from God or for man.

We are desirous in this paper to attempt to present Carlyle's estimate of some of those great, vexed, social questions, upon which he is thought usually to be heretical. Among all questions, that of society at present is the most perplexing to us, as, we may suppose, it ever has been; but in this day especially perplexing from its far greater complexity. Society has ever been a great mystery, but usually it has been united, simultaneous, and one. Past ages, we doubt not, are much more mysterious and perplexing to us than to those who had to do with them. But we are now a mystery to ourselves. Good and evil seem to be brought into a closer strife together. It would seem that the greater tendencies to darkness and mental despair, of which we are conscious, really do arise from the more favourable circumstances in which our age is placed. But whatever may be the cause, beyond all question we are smitten with a dumb wonder. There is not a question which, to thoughtful minds, does not terminate in a mountain chain, and we cannot see our way out. There is no pathway among the black hills, and the night is coming on—nay, is here. And, certainly, Mr. Carlyle is especially among the number of those who have impressed us with the difficulty of the way and the solemnity of the night. Many persons have strangely misconceived that Mr. Carlyle is opposed to, and has not aided any of the great remedial measures of the age; in fact, there is scarcely one of our more excellent modern movements of which we might not find an anticipation, and commendation, in his pages. Have our readers noticed the following 'characteristic' letter on Ragged Schools.

The secretary of the ragged school at Dumfries, the native district of Mr. Carlyle, received the following 'characteristic' letter:—

'Chelsea.—Dear Sir,—I readily contribute my mite to your Sumritan project, and wish it good speed with my whole heart. In your locality, I believe, it is much called for, as indeed in most other



localities in these miserable times. Ragged schools are not known to me except by public rumour, nor that scheme of visiting which you propose; but the very definition is a recommendation for such attempts, and awakens in every bystander the wish to see them everywhere faithfully tried. For it is very certain man can teach and guide another; men possessed of some knowledge and virtue can impart thereof to others possessing little or none. And if they never come in contact, in practical constant communication with another, they cannot even have a chance to accomplish this, which is the summary of all social duties, everlasting binding, whether it be done or not; and the greatest benefit, properly the one benefit, that man can do to man in our world. Ragged schools, with a good effectual schoolmaster, who did not stand by his horn-books, and slates, and copy-books alone, but could frankly lay open a wise, hearty, healthy, human soul to ignorant, dirty, encumbered little human souls—such an arrangement I could fancy to be the most excellent of all devices for your object. And as to that of visiting, I well remember reading Dr. Chalmers' development of that scheme, as practised by him in Edinburgh, and feeling that it was full of really practical sense—that if there was any plan of getting the work done, this, beyond all others, was it. May you prosper well; attract whatever is modest, and willing, and effective, round you to co-operate; and see, if slowly, yet certainly, good fruit attend your husbandry. One other wish I will utter, that you may have virtue given you to follow that invaluable precept, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth!"—a precept very difficult to follow in your peculiar circumstances, but one which all men, in all circumstances, can in some manner follow, and which no man departs from without fatal danger to his enterprise, as many low-spouting "Mechanics' Institutes," and even Bible Societies, and Exeter-hall "labours of love" may, in their present ruinous state, after such assiduous beating the drum, well testify to us.—Believe me, dear sir, yours very sincerely, T. CARLYLE.

To many people who think at all, the problem of the age—the great social problem, especially, of our society—is only beset with shadows. They are ready to exclaim with Abas Musa, in the sedition of Mecca—"It is a bad business, and he that meddles least with it has least chance of doing wrong. For what says the prophet in an affair of the kind? "He that sleepeth in it is better in it than he that waketh; he that lieth than he that sitteth; he that sitteth than he that standeth; he that standeth than he that walketh; he that walketh than he that rideth!"' But this fine enconium upon sloth would find no favour in the eyes of Mr. Carlyle. He, at any rate, would do his utmost to rouse a sleeping people to a sense of the duty and the danger of the age. Perhaps, to every age is sent a prophet, to reprove, to rebuke, and to exhort; and if the age will not hear, then —! Well, listen to Mr. Carlyle:—

'You remember the story (is it not in the 'Koran?') of the dwellers by the Dead Sea—a tribe of men who had forgotten nature, and were verging to a deeper lake. Whereupon, Moses was sent to them to teach them, and give them remedial measures. But no! they only grinned at Moses, and called him a humbug and a bore. Such was their theory. Moses left them; but nature—God's vicegerent—did not leave them. The men of the Dead Sea were changed into apes! And when next they were visited were grinning now in the most *unaffected* manner; chattering genuine nonsense, and declaring the whole universe itself to be humbug; and there they sit and chatter to this hour, with wizened, smoke-dried visages, looking out into the world as into a smoky twilight, uncertain, unintelligible; chattering and mewling, truest, tragicalest humbug conceivable of man or ape. They made no use of their souls, and so they lost them; and their worship now on the Sabbath is to sit there and roost there, with unmusical screams, and to remember they had souls. Did'st thou ever fall in with parties of this tribe?'

It is very true that many inconsiderates have said that Mr. Carlyle ought to be taken as the Moses of England in the nineteenth century. Practical, sagacious — one of the most profoundly religious men of our time—he is also our political teacher. True, we admit it, he has not published a political system, or a system of practical benevolence; but he has scattered abroad over the nation truths reminding us that, as he says, 'If we follow the devil, we shall assuredly go to the devil;' and that 'Given a whole world of knaves to produce an honesty from their united action, is a distillation once for all not possible!' This is very wrong in our friend, his language is so decidedly forcible—too forcible thinks our friend, the Rev. Lively Turtle. Just now he cites to us such a passage as that in which he deprecates 'the loud, long-eared hallelujahs of laudatory psalmody from the friends of freedom everywhere;' and this other passage is worse still. 'Certainly by any ballot-box, Jesus Christ goes just as far as Judas Iscariot, and with reason, according to the new Gospels, Talmuds and Dismal Sciences of these days, Judas looks him in the face; "Am I not as good as thou? Better, perhaps," slapping his breeches pocket, in which is audible the cheerful jingle of thirty pieces of silver. Thirty pieces of them here, thou cowering pauper.' My philanthropic friends, if there be a state of matters under the stars, which deserves the name of damnable and damned, this, I perceive, is it. This forcible style of writing is very shocking, 'For idleness does, in all cases, inevitably rot and become putrescent, and I say, deliberately, the very devil is in it;'—far too forcible.

Mr. Carlyle, indeed, has not hesitated to say, in his celebrated

'Past and Present,' that 'Nature, that terrible, beautiful Sphinx, is standing by our highways, as she did in Thebes of old, proposing her riddles to us, which, if not solved, she will tear us to pieces.' It was so—in those wonderful old myths that the Sphinx was represented—there, in the clefts of the high mountains, she made her abode; a creature with the face of a very beautiful woman; the wings of a bird, and the talons of a griffin. But she came to the highways and lay in ambush, springing out upon travellers passing by; and when she had them in her power, she put to them dark and perplexing questions which, if not answered, she tore in pieces the wretched traveller; but answer but one, and you become victor over the Sphinx. And, at last, when her cruelties became very atrocious, Ædipus, for his city's sake, placed himself before her—answered her riddle, killed her, laid her on his ass, and bore her amidst shoutings into Thebes, of which he became the king. The whole of our land—nay, the whole of the world now—is the same awful mystery. Is not the riddle of existence too much for us? Have we not come to speak of 'the burden of the mystery?' We will not say that Carlyle is our Ædipus; but we will say that if we can only strike a chord of solemnity in the reader's soul as he gazes on the great marvels all unsolved in our time, and which are drifting us on—and whither?—If we only so speak as to win from the reader the regard of a more serious glance at life's wonders and duties—our end will, indeed, greatly be answered.

To Mr. Carlyle certainly, at present, society presents the grand death struggle of *cosmos* against *chaos*; and he evidently thinks that for the present *chaos* is likely to get the best of it. Not that he does not believe in God, but that he fears the perversity and self-will of man. If chaos got the best of it in Paris, in France, in Rome, in Naples, it may here. We dare to say the reader has noticed that there is a side to *Calvinism* which looks out to Pantheism; and it is this which has given currency to the thought that Carlyle is a Pantheist. These extremes meet. *Calvinism* looks out to Pantheism, as *Arminianism*, legitimately carried forward, looks on to Socinianism, Deism, Atheism, and meets *Pantheism* by a more circuitous route. Without doubt Mr. Carlyle believes there is a God, and always that in forgetfulness of God lies all misery. The world now is regarded as 'a great extensive cattle-fold and workhouse, with most extensive kitchen ranges and dining-tables. There is no longer any God for us! God's laws are become only a greatest-happiness principle; a parliamentary expediency. The heavens over-arch us only as an astronomical time-keeper; a butt for Herschel telescopes to shoot science at—to shoot sentimentalities



at. Man has lost his soul, and now, in due time, begins to find out the want of it.' Here is the misery of the world. There is no religion, there is no God. 'Man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks instead of it an antiseptic salt;' vainly—for in killing kings, in passing reform bills, in French revolutions, Manchester insurrections, is found no remedy; for actually this is *not* the real fact of the world; the world is not made so, but otherwise. 'Truly, any society setting out from this no-God hypothesis will arrive at a result or two.' This is Mr. Carlyle's absolute conviction—*The only possibility of cosmos is in obedience to God*. And if we are near to chaos, it is because we forget God.

The great circumstance which irritates in many minds, in connection with our writer, is his wrath—the storm and pressure with which he pours his vials upon the abuses of the age. But here, again, may we not remind you that he has had—as we all have had—sufficient provocation. True, at one time we were intermeddling in all things. Now what is the great doctrine taught, especially by the political economists? Why, is it not even in the very words, Let things alone? And what things are let alone? Will any one, disinterested, and endowed with common sense, for instance, stand champion for the New Poor-law Act? We do not doubt the necessity for many of its enactments, we do not doubt the practical efficiency of much of its detail; but when we are told that this is the crowning glory of a Reform ministry, simply doing nothing for the rolling gangrene of pauperism, one would say the glory is somewhat dim. Yet, on the other hand, much is simply monstrous. Let things alone! We know that nations may be governed too much; we know that the great thing to be aimed at is the development of the individual resources of a great people; but in this country the active energies of our governments seem only, for the most part, to plunge us into deeper evil. They are passive when there is need of aid; all that is done is done by the volitions of the people themselves. Nearly twenty years have elapsed since Carlyle published his book entitled 'Chartism,' written for the express purpose of showing that while what we call Chartism—Democracy—may be possible in America, it is impossible in this country, and can only be with us as a swift transition to something else; and during those years something has been done to amend, and in the especial way in which his work points, namely—education and emigration. But the evils lie all around us, and there they will lie; for to this hour is it not true that the let-alone philosophy still rules?

Perhaps, the one great lesson of nearly all Carlyle's writing, is *ne quid nimis*—not too much of anything. He would seem to be so constituted as to detect in all things the danger—the weak

side. Hence, everywhere you will notice his horror of mere formulary, of mechanism, of routine: he shudders at the consequences of mere soulless deeds. '*My brother, thou must pray,*' says he, '*for a soul; struggle as with life and death energy to get back thy soul!*' Know that "religion" is no Morrison's pill from without, but a re-awakening of thy own self from within.' Long years before our Downing Street proved itself to be the arrant imbecility that it was,—and, we believe, as a mere government pensionary, is,—he had written his Latter Day pamphlets; and what did they mean? This was what they meant: 'I know that Downing Street routine; if you ever want that engine to work, you will find it a mere rusted immoveable machine,—a machine clogged and tied with red tape; red tape binding, hand and foot, all things there.' The very term, the Red-Tapist, is his own. Look over his Latter-Day pamphlets, and say have not all his prophecies proved true? Who can tell the extent to which his books have tended to rectify the evils they denounce. 'Past and Present,' for instance: when that book was published, how many things were not that are now? Baths and wash-houses, for instance, were not in existence twenty-five years since. Then, before Liebig even had said, as we know he has said, 'that the civilization of a nation depends on its soap,' Carlyle had said—

'What worship, for example, is there not in mere washing? Perhaps one of the most moral things a man has it in his power to do, in common cases. Strip thyself, go into the bath, wash and be clean, and thou wilt step out a purer and a better man. It remains a religious duty. So! that dingy, fuliginous operative emerging from his soot. Well, what is the first duty I will prescribe, and offer help towards?—That he clean the skin of him. Can he pray by any ascertained method? One knows not entirely—but with soap and water he can wash. The dull English have a saying, "Cleanliness is akin to godliness;" yet never saw I operative men worse washed; and in a climate drenched with softest cloud water, such a scarcity of baths!'

Again look attentively into this man's sayings and things, and you will find how true they are. Hence his wrath and maledictions upon the representative system, government by mechanism—government by 'lumber-log governors, and Godfrey's cordial constitutions.' We are certain that a wise suffrage Mr. Carlyle would advocate as heartily as any man; but let it be remembered that this is the day for speaking, and Mr. Carlyle's is a mission to speak words not for the democratic but the conservative side of things. Always he may be considered an honest man, and his words will well deserve pondering who wisely reasons with the

prevailing tendencies of public opinion. One thing is certain to Mr. Carlyle, as the lesson taught by the whole of universal history, that the 'few wise will have, by one method or other, to take command of the innumerable foolish.' He thinks that we need quite a reformed Downing Street even more than a reformed Parliament. And, referring to the representative theory of government, he exclaims:—

'Your ship cannot double Cape Horn by its excellent plans of voting. The ship may vote this way and that, above decks and below, in the most harmonious exquisitely constitutional manner; the ship, to get round Cape Horn, will find a set of conditions already voted for, and fixed with adamant rigour, by the ancient elemental powers, who are entirely careless how you vote. If you can, by voting, or without voting, ascertain these conditions, and valiantly conform to them, you will get round the Cape; if you cannot, the ruffian winds will blow you ever back again; the inexorable icebergs, dumb privy-councillors from chaos, will nudge you with most chaotic "admonition;" you will be flung half-frozen on the Patagonian cliffs, or admonished into shivers by your iceberg councillors, and sent sheer down to Davy Jones, and will never get round Cape Horn at all. \* \* \* Ships, accordingly, do not use the ballot-box at all; and they reject the phantasm species of captains; one wishes much some other entities,—since all entities lie under the same rigorous set of laws,—could be brought to show as much wisdom, and sense at least of self-preservation, the *first* command of nature.'

Unfortunately, there is little government at all anywhere. Red tape, red tape, red tape, winds its huge reel over the whole land; the spirit of the Government offices animates, or, say rather, paralyses, almost all our public offices. Here and there we meet a noble exception, because an *individual* has compelled the exception, but to the greater extent this red tape has cramped the energies of all men and things. *Let them alone.* Look at pauperism, for instance. Is there no refuge at all from the grievous affliction of pauperism to which we are exposed everywhere. 'We may depend upon it,' says Mr. Carlyle:—

'Where there is a pauper there is a sin; to make one pauper there go many sins. Pauperism is our social sin grown manifest. Pauperism is the poisonous dripping from all the sins, and putrid untruths, and God-forgetting greedinesses, and devil-serving cant and Jesuitisms that exist among us. Not one idle sham lounging about creation upon false pretences, upon means which he has not earned, upon theories which he does not practise, but yields his share of pauperism somewhere or other. His sham work oozes down, finds at last its issue as human pauperism. Pauperism is the general leakage through every joint of the ship that is rotten.'



Were all men doing their duty, or even trying to do it, there would be no paupers.'

He illustrates by the two Chelsea Cobblers:—

'Incompetent Duncan M'Pastehorn, the hapless incompetent mortal to whom I give the cobbling of my boots, and cannot find in my heart to refuse it, the poor drunken wretch having a wife and ten children; he *withdraws* the job from sober, plainly competent and meritorious Mr. Sparrowbill, generally short of work too; discourages Sparrowbill; teaches him that he, too, may as well drink, and loiter, and bungle; that this is not a scene for merit and demerit at all, but for dupery, and whining flattery, and incompetent cobbling of every description, clearly tending to the ruin of poor Sparrowbill! What harm had Sparrowbill done me that I should so help to ruin him? And I couldn't *save* the insalvable M'Pastehorn: I merely yielded him for insufficient work, here and there a half-crown, which he oftenest drank. And now Sparrowbill also is drinking!'

One of the great grounds of complaint Carlyle would allege against us is, that socially we do indeed 'that which we ought not to have done, and leave undone that which we ought to have done;' that we spend our time in attempting to kill 'extinct devils,' while we leave on every hand real, living devils untouched; and truly the way in which, in this world, men will spend their time is right sorrowful, to think of men spending heart and soul, and life and enterprize, for instance, in parliamentary reform. Why, the truth is for all of us, that *we have more freedom than we can use; far more than we can use well.* On every hand we find that the questions the Sphinx proposes to men are of much more interest than 'whether I shall speak my little speech in a House of Commons or not?' Why desire uniformity? Why not, instead of a uniformity, a *universe*, which is quite the opposite of a *uniform*? Is it not by antagonism that the world has advanced? In one age antagonism of nations, and if we may cherish such a dream, with a new race rising in the heart of Europe to terrify the future, then let us hope that the antagonism of nations may expire, and the progress be by the peaceful antagonism of opinions. May not this be, too, one of our great social problems?

But, as we have said already, it is a complex age; it is an age that will have *uniformity*. We must all keep Greenwich time—in Edinburgh or in Truro, Folkestone or Milford Haven—we must keep Greenwich time. It is most extraordinary when we think of it—quite remarkable. Uniformity is the hobby of the age. It is well for us who live at Greenwich; but, under other circumstances, not so well. Is it not an illustration of the torpid, creeping power of centralization over the whole system of

things? And is it not an illustration of the manner in which a great convenience may become a great social wrong or nuisance? The poor clocks are plainly not to blame. The sun gives to us a right time. And, if like ourselves, you have been at Plymouth, spectator to the quarrels of the clocks, and victimised by the uniformity of Greenwich centralization, we think you may have a hint as to the way in which moral collisions grow.

But the sternness with which he has looked at things repels; even as almost all persons give him up to the hardness of his own heart when they read his exposition of the September massacres. Now, there we would join issue even with his great apologist, John Stirling, and adopt Carlyle's reading of the whole tragedy. Grieve as we may, pain and death are the undoubted facts of life. Horror! we exclaim; yet, while we shriek, they are here; and those who expect a sentimental expositor of life, or history, or society, had better never begin Carlyle.

Again, no person will dare to tell us that we have discovered the true law of society as yet. If we have discovered it, let us apply it, and cure the ills of society. Do we know the law of population. Is Malthus right? Is vice and misery the necessary consequence of the Divine government? We need not keep our readers with any speculation on that question. Yet we may, perhaps, find that the social truth will be found in a theory exactly the reverse of that of Malthus.\* But the law of the currency—will any one say we have ascertained that, and two suspensions of the Bank Charter in a few years? Vain to discuss these; but they will discuss themselves, and fearful will be the discussion. Meantime, what shall we say of *Plugson*, the master manufacturer of *Undershot*, the modern buccaneer? The ancient buccaneer struck down his man, a hundred men; and the Choctaw Indian will strike down his man, and scalping him, will suspend his scalp at his girdle. What, then, is Plugson better than either, if his hundred thousand pounds are only as the scalps adorning a Choctaw wigwam? What if the cotton fibre be conquered, only that those who conquered be privileged to wend their way into workhouses with bare backs? And what if Plugson, with his neighbour, Sir Jabesh Windbag, are doing their best to push unfortunate Choctaw manufacturers into townships more populated, so that they may escape the consequences which their poverty and the criminality of Plugson's carelessness may create—— but this interesting question we must also leave.

One of the grand social canons of Carlyle's writings is even one we should all be expected to recoil from with most timidity. And,

---

\* See Doubleday's 'Theory of Population.'

although it is so true in the way in which he has put it, and it strikes us as so new, and seems so questionable, it speaks instantly to the experience and knowledge we have of our own life. Evil and good men alike calculate on something higher than happiness, or rather they do not calculate at all. On the mere pleasure-seekers of life, therefore, Mr. Carlyle looks with a scornful pity very edifying, and also very silencing. Did you ever read his reflections upon the opera, or Haymarket theatre, to which place once upon a time he permitted himself to be beguiled. The extract is almost too lengthy, but we *will* find a space for it:—

‘Æschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets were priests as well; and sang the *truest* (which was also the divinest) they had been privileged to discover here below. To “sing the praise of God,” that, you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what new things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praise of Chaos, what shall we say of him!

‘David, king of Judah, a soul inspired by divine music and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song; he, with seer’s eye and heart, discerned the Godlike amid the Human; struck tones that were an echo of the sphere-harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand, able still to *read* a Psalm of David, and catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries; feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it once was sung. Then go to the Opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what things men now sing. \* \* \*

‘Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this: Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; a hall as if fitted-up by the genii, regardless of expense. Upholstery, and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti, or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of *genius*, as we term it; stamped by nature as capable of far other work than *squalling here, like a blind Samson, to make the Philistines sport.* \* \*

‘The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees,—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous



cohort, of mad, restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of India-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps, neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully. \* \* \*

'Nay, certain old improper-females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Chatabagues, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios and macassar-oil graciousity, and then tripping out again;—and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

'But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Chatabagues, Mahogany, and these improper persons! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred, as I judged, to "the Melodies Eternal," might have valiantly weeded-out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's Creation more melodious—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Chatabagues and his improper-females past the prime of life! Wretched spiritual Nigger! oh, if you *had* some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot! I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini, too, and Mozart, and Bellini—Oh, Heavens! when I think that Music, too, is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too, I look not "up into the divine eye," as Richter has it, "but down into the bottomless eye-socket"—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falsity, Vacuity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair. \* \* \*

'Good sirs, surely I by no means expect the Opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me, Why heroes are not

born now, why heroisms are not done now? I will answer you: It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life, the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms, and by seduction or compulsion unweariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them. Yes; to its Hells of sweating tailors, distressed needlewomen, and the like, this Opera of yours is the appropriate Heaven! Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph till you understand it, and then come hither and hear the Rossini-and-Coletti Psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. \* \* \*

‘Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish; far other, and wider, is now my notion of this Universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion:—do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter, also, if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But, at least and lowest, I would have you a population abhorring phantasms—abhorring *unveracity* in all things; and in your “amusements,” which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all.’ \* \* \*

Slight is the extent to which happiness is, as the poet calls it, ‘our being’s end and aim.’ Truly it is one of those matters in which we need to be careful as to the language we employ. But is happiness, in our ordinary comprehension of that term, our being’s end and aim? Of the millions—the conscious millions—alive now, how many follow happiness as the grand impulse, the guiding angel of their being. Carlyle resolutely and cynically laughs to scorn the desire for happiness as the grand incentive of life, or the sentiment of misery as the great source of our elegy, and our sorrow. We ought to deal justly, however, with the storm of sorrow in which some unhappy souls rush out. At the same time feeling that the secret of all unhappiness is, that the heart has not found its true, real, proper home. The thought itself is enough to fill one with profound feeling, that man, even here, is capable of the ecstacy of happiness, and the ecstacy of despair—the noblest grief unquestionably is the stern, deep sorrow of a man like Carlyle—where, uncomplainingly, the soul, a mysterious tenant, goes wandering, and wondering up and down its cage. The next affecting spectacle to this is that of the poor suicide, or the lunatic, in whom all the walls of the soul seem to have broken down, and the spirit, determined to get out, bursts, in its surplus energy of life, through the frail bars that would confine it. But characters like Byron do seem to awaken our writer’s widest contempt. For the harp hung everlastingly on the willows, because of some dark shadow resting on the boughs of our own linden tree, he has only a kind of wild elf laughter. Misery! misery! Yes, but what right hast

thou to be happy? or, art thou like that iron-hearted misanthrope in Scotland?

'The inmates of some town mansion were thrown into the most fearful alarm by indubitable symptoms of a ghost inhabiting the next house, or perhaps even the partition wall. Ever at a certain hour, with preternatural gnarling, growling, and screeching, which attended as a kind of running bass, there began in a horrid, semi-articulate unearthly voice this song, "Once I was hap—hap—happy, but now I'm meeserable! Clack, clack, clack, gnar'r'r, whuz-z. Once I wat hap—hap—happy, but now I am meeserable," and so on. The perturbed spirit would not rest. The neighbours became quite bored, fritted, and affrighted by him, and had to go and examine the haunted chamber. In his haunted chamber they found the perturbed spirit to be an unfortunate imitator of Byron. But in the shape of a rusty meat jack gnarling and creaking with rust and work. And thus in *its* Byronic musical life philosophy sung according to its ability.'

And truly this is a very fair commentary upon the measures and metres, and sentiment, and philosophy of Byron. And 'why should a living man complain? a man for the punishment of his sins'—the secret, surely, of all moral misery should be consolatory, since it proves that we are in an ill-adjusted world; there is no misery which does not assure us of our absence from our true home.

The philanthropic school, as all other schools, has its simulators and imitators, and the simulation of philanthropy is the most detestable of all simulations. Philanthropy has now become in many cases simply the expression of utilitarianism—the greatest happiness to the greatest number—then let the smallest number go and hang; comfortable creed to the aristocracy and the intelligence of a country!

What do we say—social problems—Sphinx riddles? And are they not vital? We blink them. We refuse to see society in any other than a poetical light. Carlyle insists upon our looking upon it as it is. All things may be coloured with rose tints if we look at them through a rose-tint glass. The tragic history of *Blue Beard*, that much abused and much maligned individual—ah! think he staked his all upon the fidelity of the wife whose fatal curiosity he foresaw? He did but beseech her not to violate the sanctity of the blue parlour. Doubtless, for the first Mrs. Blue Beard, his affections long slept in the blue chamber with her; but, impelled by destiny, he loved again, and was again undone. Six times had the fatal sacrifice been exacted from him. At last he gave up all hope, and he found it to be his destiny to go on marrying and murdering to the end. Evidently, a man of the finest sensibilities—a noble heart, loving



not wisely but too well—this is the way in which some and many deal with all the facts of the age and of history. But there is, indeed, no dealing with them all thus. No! Blue Beard will be Blue Beard, and the stern facts of society will remain, whatever may be said to evaporate them away beneath the sentimental hues of the self-conceit of the great nineteenth century.

But people will insist on calling weeds flowers; and how can we decide that they are not, but by the fruits they bear? Our readers remember the anecdote told by Mr. Helps in one of his very admirable essays:—

‘My little daughter came running to me one fine winter day with a very pretty weed. Then, with great earnestness, as if fresh from some controversy on the subject, she exclaimed, “Is this a weed, Papa—is this a weed?”’

“Yes, a weed,” I replied.

‘With a look of disappointment, she moved off to the one she loved best among us; she asked the same question, and received the same answer.’

“But it has flowers,” the child replied.

“That does not signify; it is a weed,” was the inexorable answer.

‘Presently, after a moment’s consideration, the child ran off again, and, meeting the gardener just near my nook—though out of sight from where I sat—she coaxingly addressed him,

“Nicholas, dear, is this a weed?”

“Yes, Miss; they call it shepherd’s purse.”

‘A pause ensued; I thought the child was now fairly convinced by authority, when all at once the little voice began again.

“Will you plant it in my garden, Nicholas, dear? Do plant it in my garden.”’

And thus, indeed, is it not that, spite of any amount of warning or authority, society rigidly insists on planting things demonstrated to be weeds in the social garden. This is one grave source of thought in all our minds. And the vexed questions thus represented to us, they are the same perpetually recurring ones which meet us in all ages. Truly, but we are in the moral tropics, and so swift the mighty forests of evil have sprung up, they have appalled the hearts of all who have thought upon and rightly contemplated the growing mischief.

The evils of the age are none the less because a race of teachers has sprung up who insist upon it that *evil is not*. No! only some dread, beautiful necessity—the windrush doctrine. In Mr. Carlyle you will meet no sympathy with this opinion. Society is evil because society is sinful. Man is wretched because he is unholy. The ignorance of those who identify the teaching of Carlyle with Emerson, is ridiculous. On the contrary, you

remember the saying of Sandy Mackye, in 'Alton Locke.' It is almost a literal translation from Carlyle:—"An' sae the devil's dead," said Sandy, as he sat crooing and smoking that night over the fire. "Gone at last, and he sae little appreciated. Puir fellow, too—every gowk laying his sins on Nickie's back! Puir Nickie!" Very much like that much misunderstood politician, Mr. John Cade, as Charles Buller called him in the House of Commons. "An' he to be dead at last! The world seems quite unco without his auld farrant phizog on the streets. Aweel, aweel! aiblins he's but shamming!"

'When pleasant Spring came on apace,  
And showers began to fall,  
John Barleycorn got up again,  
An' sore surprised them all.'

At any rate, I'd not bury him till he began to smell a wee strong, like. It is a grewsome thing that premature interment, Alton, laddie."

The reader has not forgotten the anecdote of the sick man who, while explaining his symptoms to his medical man, was amazed by his exclaiming, 'Charming! Ah! Yes!—yes! Delightful! Yes! Pray go on—pray go on;' and when he had finished said, with the utmost delight, 'My dear sir, do you know that you have a complaint that has been for some time supposed to be extinct.' We often think 'the rose-water school of philanthopists' do, in their enthusiastic notation of symptoms of moral disease, altogether forget the circumstances of affliction and pain. There is about many of them a perfect heartlessness as to the whole matter, most harrowing and distressing to the heart. And yet, moral surgery needs the cold and daring hand not less than the medical.

No writer so reminds us as Carlyle does of what we read of Wolfdietrich in the Heldenbuch, that when in a passion or angry, his breath grew flame red hot, and would take the temper out of swords. If we cite any illustrations of this, which we will call his flame and wrath power, it shall be especially with reference to the matters immediately in hand, thus he says:—

*'National suffering is, if thou wilt understand the words, verily a judgment of God—has ever been preceded by national crime. General suffering is always the fruit of general misbehaviour—general dishonesty. Consider it well. Had all men stood faithfully to their posts, the evil when it first rose had been manfully fronted and abolished, not lazily blinked and left to grow, with the foul slug-gard's comfort, "It will last my time." Thou foul sluggard, and even*

thief! for art thou not a thief, to pocket thy day's wages, for this, if it be for anything, for watching on thy special watch-tower that the good city suffer no damage, and all the while to watch only that thine own ease be not invaded, let otherwise hard come to hard, as it will and can? Unhappy! It will last thy time—thy worthless sham of an existence, wherein nothing but the digestion was real, will have evaporated in the interim. It will last thy time, but will it last thine *eternity*? Or what if it should not last thy time (mark that also, for that also will be the fate of *some* such lying sluggard), but take fire, and explode, and consume thee like a moth.'

The mightiest illustration of Mr. Carlyle's power in this direction we find in those strange wild Pythonic utterances which have moved all men almost to anger—the *Latter-day pamphlets*. Our language has nothing like them. Almost all political pamphlets have been written, through the ages since the press has been a power, to serve a party or to procure a place. These are the indignant and usually most just warnings of a prophet from his cell. It is strange, too, that Mr. Carlyle reverses all other men's methods in this. Most men begin with passion and end with calm. Calm and Carlyle never could have been found together. Even in all his productions purely literary—his essays on Schiller and Goethe, and on German literature in general—there were the evidences of a stormy nature, that would not be contented with the mere literary side of things; and when he came to regard the tendencies and characteristics of the age, then all the pent-up power of his being evidenced itself. After all, Carlyle's writings do illustrate what is, we suppose, a very common feeling, only existing in him to an amazing degree, namely, the mighty unrest in the mind, arising from the feeling that we could cure—if we possessed the proper position—if we only stood where the cure could be applied. To walk through Bedlam, or Hanwell, and to feel as we walk from ward to ward—'I could restore all these disordered minds,' and to be prohibited from making the attempt. To walk through workhouses, and deserted villages, and to feel, 'Yes, I, too, could, would they but trust me—I could be the captain and commander here—I could marshal all this into place, and instead of its lying here putrifying and staining the soil, I could give efficiency and purpose to all this.' Oh, the thought has come to us—to all—to all thoughtful men—we do not mean mere quacksalvers, Cagliostros, demagogues, democrats—but to prayerful, thoughtful men, the thought has come: 'Ah, me! if they would but try this, this would restore the balance of things.' We all need to remember again and again Luther's advice to Melancthon, when he was too solicitous about church affairs in his age. 'Philip Melancthon would do well not



to attempt the government of this world any longer.' And that passing meditation which we have on record of the Emperor Maximilian was very good: 'Oh, Eternal Lord God, if Thou Thyself shouldst not be watchful, how ill would it be with Thy world, which is now governed by me, a miserable hunter, and by this drunken and wicked Pope Julius.'

But the things we cannot do, surely are not to stand as interdicts upon the things we can do; and, moreover, if we can do few good things, this is no reason why we should do manifold evil things. We have already said that like to these 'Latter-day Pamphlets' we have nothing in our literature. The whole race and family of the Barnacles have gone rabid upon them; and almost all leaders of all parties have taken a retainer against them. And, even as we might conceive, some five hundred little cockle boats setting sail from Weymouth, or from Edinburgh, with trim, genteelly-dressed, little captains, or lieutenants, saying, 'Go to! let us pull up Portland Island, or the Bass Rock; let us fire our guns upon it, and show the sinfulness of it, and destroy it'—even so, five hundred little reviewers have sent off their two-penny-halfpenny craft, 'Go to! let us utterly expurgate and destroy from the face of the earth these "Latter-day Pamphlets," and with them the heretic Carlyle.' And there still is the Portland Rock; and there still, rooted, we believe, and grounded in the very same veracities on which the Portland Rocks, and Bass Rocks are founded, there are the 'Latter-day Pamphlets,' true as the Gospel of nature, and terrible as true. Terrible as true. For these pamphlets seem to us only the amplification of the words of the Prophet: 'Because thou hast forgotten the God of thy salvation, and hast not been mindful of the rock of thy strength; therefore shalt thou plant pleasant plants, and shalt set it with strange slips. In the day shalt thou make thy plant to grow, and in the morning shalt thou make thy seed to flourish; but the harvest shall be a heap in the day of grief and of desperate sorrow.'\*

And, therefore, all honour to Mr. Carlyle, that he has consecrated his imperial powers to this vast *condition-of-England question*. Compare his writings with those of most other great men in this particular—with Lord Macaulay, for instance—and the great fact is this: here is a man, the grandeur of whose gifts and attainments is something truly immeasurable. Not contenting himself with mere literary dignities, but really taking up and handling practically all the great questions of the age. Practically he sees, depend upon it, he sees and knows well all that you can

\* Isaiah xvii, 10, 11.

allege upon the theory, whatever that may be; is learned in all your Blue Book literature, whatever that may be worth, and puts his finger on the beating heart, the real mainspring of every question he touches or determines to express an opinion on. He sees its relation to every form of humanity. Strange, the misconception of these pamphlets, arising from the simple, trivial circumstance that *people will talk about and pass opinions on what they will not read*. Hence, they have been called Socialist! Yes: then was old Rhadamanthus a socialist. No! nonsense of that kind, believe us, is far removed from the mind of Carlyle. No Communist is he! He would join heartily in the chaunt of Ebenezer Elliot:—

‘What is a Communist?—One who has yearnings  
For equal division of unequal earnings.  
Idler or bungler!—He is one who is willing  
To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.’

No! to be well governed, this is the grand business to which these ‘*Latter-day Pamphlets and Prophecies*’ address themselves. Albeit they do ring and re-echo again and again with things not palatable to many ears.

No pamphlet has been more misconceived than that on ‘Model Prisons.’ For poor unhappy ignorance our writer has expressed abundant sympathy; for British Bankism, for Robsonism, Redpathism, and Rocism, he has none. All these magnificent Cagliostro simply playing a high game, and doing their best to destroy all confidence in man, and to loosen the very hinges of society, our writer has nothing to say—by ragged schools, baths, emigrations, save the ignorant and the poor. But for these, he says:—

‘If I had a commonwealth to reform or to govern, certainly it should not be the Devil’s regiments of the line that I should first of all concentrate my attention on! With them I should be apt to make rather brief work; to them one would apply the besom, try to sweep *them* with some rapidity into the dust-bin, as well out of one’s road, I should rather say. \* \* \* Away, you; begone swiftly, ye regiments of the line. In the name of God and of His poor struggling servants, sore put to it to live in these bad days, I mean to rid myself of you with some degree of brevity. To feed you in palaces, to hire captains and schoolmasters, and the choicest spiritual and material artificers to expend their industries on you! I have quite other work for that class of artists. Seven-and-twenty millions of neglected mortals who have not yet quite declared for the Devil. Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of you, collars round the necks of you; and will teach you, after the example of the gods, that this world is *not* your inheritance, or glad to see you in it. You, ye diabolic canaille, what has a governor much to do with you? You, I think, he will rather swiftly dismiss

from his thoughts,—which have the whole celestial and terrestrial for their scope, and not the subterranean of scoundrelism alone. You, I consider, he will sweep pretty rapidly into some Norfolk Island, into some special convict colony or remote domestic moorland; into some stone-walled silent-system, under hard drill-sergeants, just as Rhadamanthus, and inflexible as he, and there leave you to reap what you have sown; he meanwhile turning his endeavours to the thousandfold immeasurable interests of men and gods,—dismissing the one extremely contemptible interest of scoundrels; sweeping that into the cesspool, tumbling that over London Bridge, in a very brief manner, if needful.'

It is nearly thirty years since those two mysterious papers, 'Count Cagliostro,' and the 'Diamond Necklace,' appeared from the pen of our author. Slight has been the reference to them, but surely they are the foreshadowings of a new era in the history of crime. Who has not heard of the immortal Cagliostro?—the first illustrious He, who reduced the floating elements of scoundrelism to a science—distinguished individual! Arch Cophte, Quacksalver and Great High Priest of the Order of Black Sheep. But, surely, in a very eminent degree he has had followers. Always the world has had the 'the children of the wicked one' in it. But in our day, surely, if the seeds of good have developed themselves, have not the seeds of evil? nay, has not evil become scientific? and, in London, are there not schools of vice at which, indeed, one must graduate before he can play for a high game? Nay, not only so, does not society at large tempt its children to become vicious, with its respectabilities, and gigs, and appearances? Thus, at any rate, is it not true, that there has indeed been developed a new order of criminals in our day, most painful to consider? Men, even of rank, of education, members of all the learned professions—men who played a high game and lost, and now lie there useless lumber, with thousands besides. Stuff, that society has thrown into its iron safe, worthless—useless; stuff, that society cannot in any way use, and is glad to get rid of on any terms—is only too glad to emancipate from prison, if they will only go and not try to work the desperate problem again of making the way of transgressors *not* hard. It is beyond a doubt one of the most important questions of the age, What shall we do with the criminals? Society is posed and stunned with that Sphinx riddle. While here, without a doubt, is a matter on which a Government competent to do something, might employ some measure of its powers. But Government, so far from seeking to solve that question, simply builds model prisons for them—expends upon them its reckless thousands, mindless of others who are fast pressing into those places of torment.



It has been well said, that we have come, in our day, to a New Era ; we have so ; but not for the first time in the history of the world ; for a new era is always a change of intrinsic conditions, and every era brings with it new difficulties to adjust, as it brings, or finds, new circumstances ; and, as we look over the past eras of our country, we find very much to remind us that our fathers, too, had their times of severe difficulty and trial, not less than we have ours. But they answered their questions, and killed the Sphinx. If the time should ever come when we, as a nation, are unable to answer the riddle—and we prophesy that time will come when we shall cease to be a true, simple, religious people—then we, in our turn, shall be rent in pieces by the Sphinx. True, in our history, all things have aided us. We have, in the ancient times, been rent by the Sphinx. Was it not so in the day of the Saxon invasion ?—in the day of the Norman invasion ? Then, how often, as era on era crowded along, the Sphinx stood in the highway and proposed her riddle. The individual, indeed, was often rent, but the social remained. Behold ! how incessantly—again, and yet again—the question was answered, and the people saved. The riddle was proposed to France, as we saw ; and we have seen that France has never been well able to answer and to solve the parable. She could not, as we have recently seen, and she was rent in pieces. See, in our land, in the rise of the constitution, by the concession of power to the Barons ; in the rise of the people, in the first civil Wars of the Roses ; in the rise of the Reformation, in the battles of the people and priest ; in the rise of political power, when monarchy was driven to the wilderness ; in the reassertion of its political power, when the constitution became consolidated, through the fears of foreign war, from age to age, destroying the aristocracy of the feudal pennon, of the silken doublet, of the sheepskin titles, down to this moment which beholds the rise of the trader among us to the same post and place of influence once held by lords and courtiers—through all, England has so answered the questions of every age and era that the difficulty has only asserted her strength, and from the prostration she has sprung to power. But, surely, every age has increased the difficulty. It was a much more difficult thing—the work of Cromwell than that of De Montfort ; and to win Marston was more fearful than to win Runnymede. All that has gone before our own age is light and trivial in comparison with ours, when, instead of barons and their villeins, we have to manage men and editors, and a mighty public opinion, which, if it is not always enlightened, certainly always thinks it is. Thus, the question truly of to-day is, what shall we do with democracy ? It is here. Terrible as a mad beast we know it can be. Beautiful and bright it has never presented

itself to us as being yet. It may be that; but in order that it may be that, let us know how to receive it, and how to treat it. We should say, beyond all things, let this democracy be well fed, let it be well guided. Above all things, it will be terrible for us, and for democracy too, if it should ever suspect that it is the only strength in the world. Even horses, from time immemorial, to the days of Mr. Rarey, have been best managed by concealing from them your own weakness. Ah! the horse that finds his own strength, behold how he kicks and plunges and throws his rider, and breaks his own legs as in the French Revolution, for instance. And it behoves us well to inquire whether our opinions and our actions, political and social, are likely to tell for the conservation of the great social state. We would take it for granted all citizens care for power, only as a means to good. But we dare not think so; power is valued for its own sake, for the sake of its distinction. The great questions of our age, so far as we behold them, have they tended to our national strength or weakness? There is no decay yet, the Sphinx may be answered. Let us take care of crime, red tape, and pauperism, and scout as a lie, whole and entire, that the duty of man can ever be in doing nothing, and we may pass over the new era.

We alluded in a former article to the surprise frequently expressed that such a man as Carlyle should find so much to admire in such a man as Goethe. Akin to that surprise is this other, the wonder at his paradoxical faith in the old ages; his constant reverence for the past. He is what in Germany is called a 'romancist'—one, the texture of whose ideas is woven entirely from the past. But why should there be surprise at this? The same reason meets us here, in his admiration of the ages, which met us before in his admiration of the individual; it is the calm, the unbroken calm of that great grave-yard, the past. This is what makes the whole of that scenery so beautiful and so dear—it is a great court of peace. And, in truth, is it not so with all of us? Do not the graves affect us—even as the stars do—by unbroken calm and silent grandeur, so deep and so near to eternity? Nor do we for a moment doubt that those ancient old world ages had this about them, that their peoples lived a long way from those keen cross-questionings which cause such strife in our hearts and days. The spirit of speculation, indeed, is not, we know, of modern birth; and it has raised its questions alike beneath the skies of Palestine and the groves of Greece, and, no doubt, amidst the monastic seclusions of the England of the Middle Ages; but it seems impossible that to the same extent perplexing questions could have agitated the bosoms and the business of men as in ours.

Political science in that age was despotism, dashed occasionally by the red flame of democracy, soon to be extinguished in blood. The political economy of that age seems to us easy; there were no vexed questions touching population and over production; the questions of currency and of trade lay in a very small compass. Occasionally, famine and fever stalked through the land; but superstition solved the question of their appearance very summarily. We can sympathize with Carlyle's veneration for the past. We all have loved to step from the crowded city, and its fevered population, into the cemetery and its still graves. 'There,' says Carlyle—as we can conceive him, although the words do not come—'there,' pointing over the centuries, 'there are the still people who did what I cannot do; they believed, and asked no questions; their instincts of love, and faith, and awe, and wonder, had not been crushed, and beaten, and trampled.' He looks out to those times, when religion lay over the people like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere, and life element. Wonderfully has he brought, with singular clearness, before the eye, 'those singular two-legged animals, monks,' with their rosaries, and breviaries, and shaven crowns, and hair cilices, and vows of poverty, masquerading strangely through the fancy; strange that extinct species of the human family; how grandly solemn, is that 'Past and Present' of his, in which he narrates the story of Jocelyn of Edmundsbury, or Brakelond; and we, to whom nights and days in ruins and cathedrals are among our most precious and treasured memories, know of no book which so pours over us the spirit of the past as that book; the antique heart beats more audibly in this than in any book we know of. If we attempted to describe this book we would speak of it as *Tintern Abbey restored*. We pace the mighty aisles, and as we read become clairvoyant; and while the night breezes sweep by, and rustle amidst the ivy boughs, we become conscious of a change, and that to us the past has stepped out of the tomb, and is restored—a disembodied spirit. We behold the ancient shrine, glittering with diamond flowerages, and with wrought gold. 'Ah! this is it,' we say—'these stately masonries—these long drawn arches—these cloisters and sounding aisles. A living monastery is around us. Not a dream, surely, but a reality;' and human beings moving to and fro; over the waste—and through the engirdling forest the shrine shines ever burning, illuminating the night, and matins, and nones, and vespers; and we can hear if we hearken, that is the great bell, sounding through the horn-gate of dreams, and we see the processions and preachings—festivals and Christmas plays—mysteries—in the church-yard. As we linger still there, for the first time, we see clearly the election of an abbot, and the order of



it in 'that old osseous fragment—that blackened bone of the dead ages.' We see the generations sweep by—all looked at by earth, by heaven, and by hell, working out there their life afresh—the old abbot Hugo—the field husbandry—the looms dimly going—the women around the monastery, in their grey woollen attire, spinning yarn. By no means, merely as in a dream; but with all the actualities of life about it, with its river and hills—its winding way through the surrounding forests, and tenantry flying for shelter to its doors. How graphic are those touches by which, as is ever his wont, he gives in one word or two—a scene of old England. But we are not surprised that he loves to turn thither. If it be true that love is the best painter—sympathy, deep heartedness, which is ever also clear eye-sightedness, then how deep must that heart and vision be which shows the picture to us so life-like and real, of the monachism of those days—fruitful then, before as now, it had all rolled into peat—a feeble bog grass of dilettanteism, those monastic cloisters, before loose four-footed cattle and Henry the Eighth had been turned into them, those days when the country was still dark with wood, shaggy and leafy, like an American forest, with cleared spots and spaces here and there. Feudalism is all alive as yet, 'and Robin Hood and William Scarlet living in some universal suffrage manner, under the green-wood tree,' when the wild fowl screamed among the ancient silences, and the wild cattle roamed the ancient solitudes, and the iron and the coal slept side by side, and the Ribble, and the Aire, and the Irwell, rolled down all unstained by dyers' chemistry, and over the moors, and the hills only traversed by the sunbeam, and the wind; and the iron horse and the steam demon had not risen into being, and James Watt and George Stephenson were yet in the deep, far-off of ages—and Manchester spun no cotton—and the creek of the Mersey only was clamorous with sea fowl—a *lither* pool—that is, a lazy or sullen pool. Oh, do but think of all the calm that broods now to our hearts along that old world; and yet from all that most unpromising soil, all that our England is has come, and then forgive our writer if he turns wonderingly back to the silent past. But let no reader foolishly suppose, therefore, that our writer would return to that past; surely, no.

One thing we must beg our readers to notice, however, in every attempt to estimate the social views of Carlyle—his resolute and most dauntless Protestantism, indeed, in an age of 'Puseyisms, and other such ghosts and apparitions in winding-sheets.' This will be one great reason of the hostility to him. Clearly, he stands by faith—simple and noble, but has no sympathy with *Ultramontanism*. On the contrary, he evidently believes that the place of value and

of worth in the van of civilization depends on a nation's reception and retention of the great principle of the Reformation; he evidently believes that those nations who did allow the Reformation to go by, lost their great national opportunity of progress and salvation—an opportunity which, once lost, never returns again—withering is the scorn of Mr. Carlyle for that nondescript piece of imbecile mischief, the Papacy.

‘Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of truth and falsehood, for the good or evil side.  
Some great cause, God’s new Messiah offering each the bloom or blight :  
Pass the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,  
And the choice goes by for ever ’twixt that darkness and that light.’

There is a terrible picture in the prophet Jeremiah, where the prophet is commanded to go with the cup of the wine of the wrath of God, and to cause all the nations to whom he is sent to drink of it. ‘To wit, Jerusalem, and the cities of Judah, and the kings thereof, and the princes thereof, to make them a desolation, an astonishment, and a hissing, and a curse, as it is to this day’—to all of them. The prophet was commanded to go to Pharaoh, king of Egypt, and to all the mingled people, and the kings of the land of Uz, and the kings of the land of the Philistines, and Ashkelon, and Azzah, and Ekron, and the remnant of Ashdod, Edom, and Moab, and the children of Ammon, the kings of Tyre and Sidon, and the kings of the isles beyond the sea, Dedan and Tema, and all the kings of Arabia, and the mingled people that dwell in the desert, and all the kings of Zimri, and the kings of Elam and the Medes, and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord, drink. And it shall be, if they refuse to take the cup at thine hand to drink, thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord, ye shall certainly drink. And immediately after, to the same kings, the same prophet was commanded to say, ‘Thus saith the Lord, make thee bonds and yokes and send them to the kings. I have given all these lands into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon. The nations that bring their necks under the yoke of the king of Babylon, those will I let remain in their own land, and they shall till it and dwell therein.’ And thus more than three hundred years since the angel of the Reformation went round to all the kings of Europe with the two cups—the cup of the Reformation and the cup of the wrath of God. Every nation was called upon to drink, and wherever the cup of the Reformation was refused, there the cup of the wrath of God was presented. ‘Thus saith the Lord, say unto them, ye shall drink of it.’ More—to all those nations who refused the cup of the Reformation followed speedily the angel with the yokes; and they have been

'the servants to the king of Babylon unto this day.' Is it not so? And those nearest to Rome are pressed most heavily by the yoke. The Gallican Church welters in hopeless misery; but the Ultramontane Church lies crushed in utter black, dungeon-grated despair.

Abundant evidence have we that Carlyle regards Romanism, the Papacy, as the great nuisance and pest of Europe in these later ages, with 'its orthodoxies and sovereign croziers.' But we may be very sure that he will never tell us any tale without the intention to teach by it several lessons. And one of the most powerful and effective stories he has told, is that singular 'Salzburg Emigration.' And let us say to sundry Reviewers, and other such leathern-spectacle editors who found it convenient to pass entire those pages which must have commanded their commendation, that such an incident so memorialised as that famous 'Emigration,' ought at once to have lightened the memory of Fredrich William, and to have shed a halo round the writings of Carlyle. We tell you, we have, we believe, read every line of stricture on Carlyle, and we do not remember that one 'orthodox writer' has noticed his sound and powerful hostility to Romanism. The story, in brief, is this:—Salzburg is an archbishop's city—metropolis—on the north-east slope of the Tyrol; a romantic spot, among beautiful mountains, shadowing itself on the Salza river. Salza had been, before the thirty-years war, eminently Protestant. Before that was, probability was that Austria herself would become Protestant. But Wallenstein, in his chain-mail, trampled all that out; only there was left behind a large amount among those mountains, and in Salzburg, of concealed Protestantism, there being nobody seeking to convert nobody. There it was making clocks—wooden clocks;—grazing and husbanding. Harmless sons of Adam, their existence had been known of from generation to generation by successive archbishops. At last came Firmian, 'genuine, right reverend Firmian,' and he sent his law terriers to scour through the valleys, scenting out German Bibles, and fining and confiscating. But the Salzburgers would not give up the Bibles, and would not quit their Protestantism. They placed themselves beneath the treaty of Westphalia; they demanded to be allowed to leave Salzburg, and by Austrian troops they were marched over the frontiers. Rome, in the person of the Archbishop, taking possession of their properties and detaining their families, they complained to the Emperor. The Emperor could not afford to lose the good-will of Rome, but he made a feint of intercession with the Archbishop. And, at last, they appealed to Fredrich William by a deputation.



He ascertained that they were genuine Protestants, and he said, 'Return—there shall be help.' And he moved Europe for these unhappy outlaws, or threatened to do so. He demanded that they should be permitted to emigrate. 'Emigrate!' said the Archbishop, 'Emigrate, says your Majesty; they shall emigrate,' and the Archbishop marched 900 of them in the dead of winter, across the snowy mountains—over the mountains. 'Go about your business. Go to —.' 'And our property, goods, and chattels?' 'Property, be thankful that you have your skins, and go, *emigrate*, I say, now —.' 'A most orthodox archbishop.' And there were among them hoary men, and women laden with child, sick persons and young children—a most Christian, apostolic, and papal archbishop. And when Fredrich, who had got thus far with the matter found the thing was so, what think you he did? make a diplomatic business of it? Not at all; he did a most *unrighteous* thing—eh! shall we call it *unrighteous*? He actually pounced upon the property of a number of wealthy merchants—Romanists—in his kingdom: seizing their property, and commanding them to suspend their incomings. 'As to the matter,' said he, 'you can settle the account with your Archbishop Firmian.' It brought an arrangement very speedily. The emigration went on, on human terms, and the poor Salzburgers cowered into Bavarian cities which the king had prepared for them in his own kingdom. Twenty years before this transaction, pestilence had strangely depopulated Prussian Lithuania. It had been, since his accession to the throne, the king's great desire to repopulate this territory—fifty-two towns as good as depopulated. During as many years he had obtained, from many districts, as many as 20,000 colonists, and now he thought how well he might provide a home for the exiled Protestants of Salzburg. 'Two afflictions well put together shall become a consolation.' And so the proclamation—the news flew abroad—Come Salzburgers, homes are appointed for you; commissaries are appointed for you. Be kind to them on their route all Christian German Princes. Wonderful it is to read that exodus. A journey of eleven hundred miles; but the children of Israel accomplished it. They marched out of Egypt—dear native valleys, too, they were compelled to leave behind, never, ah! never, to see more, they or their children—staff in hand. The first company of 1731 numbered about 7,000. What shall we think of the mad folly; the imbecile infatuation of the State which could part with its brave, industrious, honest, thrifty, and holy children. The next year 10,000 came. They did not march all together, but appeared to have gone in bands of 300 and 400. And very beautiful are the glimpses given to us of the pilgrims on their journey. Thus we have the entrance of 331 into the

charitable town of Nordlingen, where they had been expected. The King of Prussia had provided all the expenses of the journey, moderately, economically. But as they approached the old town, two chief clergymen, schoolmaster, and scholars, hundreds of citizens and young people, went out to meet them. They were in their baggage gear, approaching the town, or waiting; to them went the pastor and said, 'Come in ye blessed of the Lord, why stand ye without?' Then they ranged, two and two, and marched into the town straight to the church—the whole town out to greet them—and there the two clergymen successively addressed them. 1st text.—'And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.' 2nd. text was—'Now, the Lord had said unto Abraham, get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee.' 'Excellent texts,' says Carlyle, 'well handled, let us hope, especially with brevity.' After which the strangers were distributed, some into public houses, others taken home by the citizens to lodge. On the following Sabbath they went to church, headed by their respective landlords, occupying the centre of the church. Collections were made for them, and meat and beer distributed. It was a time of sweet, true Christian festivity. Visits were interchanged; the various personages of the town inviting parties of fives and fours to their houses, and at last they went on their way. So at Bairuth they arrived on Good Friday. They had been lodged, indeed, in villages, but came into the church in bodies; and there was a scramble among the cities to procure the pilgrims to dine with them. At Geva a commercial gentleman dined the *whole party* at his own expense. There was no end to kindness, and many exclaimed, 'Is this all we can do?' To which the commissary replied, 'More will come shortly.' So they marched on their way, reaching Berlin. The king came out to receive them. He provided for them regulation, guidance, a stepping-stone from place to place, regularity, and punctuality. The first lot he caused to be catechised in the church, that all the world might hear their pertinent answers. On Sunday, after the sermon, during their stay in Berlin, they were well entertained. Then, on again, five hundred miles further; and then, at the end of the journey, they found all ready. Cottages, and furnished with implements. The king contrived that old neighbours should be put together, and so old trades revived in their localities. And a useful population has sprung up from that emigration, increasing, who shall say how many fold?

It cost the king £150,000, that emigration. But he lived to

see it repaid. 'He was,' says Carlyle, 'a man skilled in investments to a high degree.' 'Fancy,'—he continues, in remarks which will seem audacious to many,—'fancy £150,000 invested there in the bank of nature herself; and a hundred millions invested, say at Balaclava in the bank of newspaper rumours; and the respective rates of interest they will yield, a million years hence.'

## IV.

## WHITTIER'S POEMS.\*

A NEW volume from the pen of Mr. Whittier demands a kindly notice. He does not take the rank of even the highest of the poets of America; but the purpose of his poems demands more than mere admiration. Our readers have not to be informed that he is a member of the Society of Friends; and his verses are all deeply imbued with their beautiful principles. Among all our living poets, not one dedicates his measures to a more hearty, sympathetic love of freedom, and the hopes of the world. His earlier volumes have been so long before the world, that our readers must know them well: the 'Legend of Cassandra Southwick' is one of the most stirring of our modern ballads, and in all there is an easy flow of verse, yet united frequently to a strength and compactness of expression very stirring to read and to feel. Then the reader knows how often he can touch the springs of consolation: the lines to Joseph Sturge, on the Death of his Sister, are well known, and one verse has become to many thousands one of those magic strings along which the emotions run or are conveyed to others:—

'With silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come,  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb.'

Many of his best verses have been quoted, and fly about from column to column of our periodicals.

---

\* *Home Ballads and Poems.* By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.



'We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

'The tissue of the Life to be  
We weave with colours all our own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

'Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And painted on the eternal wall,  
The Past shall reappear.

'Think ye the notes of holy song  
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?  
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
Has vanished from his side?

'Oh no!—We live our life again:  
Or warmly touched or coldly dim  
The pictures of the Past remain,—  
Man's work shall follow him.'

Those often-quoted lines on Wordsworth, written in a volume of his poems, are very happy:—

'The "violet by its mossy stone,"  
The "primrose by the river's brim,"  
And chance-sown "daffodils," have found  
Immortal life through him.

'The sunrise on his breezy lake,  
The rosy tints his sunset brought,  
World seen, are gladdening all the vales  
And mountain peaks of thought.

'Art builds on sand; the works of pride  
And human passions change and fall;  
But that which shares the life of God  
With him surviveth all.'

The volume before us will quite sustain all the tender and loving reputation Mr. Whittier has acquired; his fame is far higher than that of the mere poetic artist; he belongs to us because he devotes his verses to earnest sympathy with humanity. In the present volume there is great and delightful variety, some pieces singular enough in topic and in treatment. Here is a portrait of Jonathan Edwards:—

'In the church of the wilderness Edwards wrought,  
Shaping his creed at the forge of thought;  
And with Thor's own hammer welded and bent  
The iron links of his argument,

Which strove to grasp in its mighty span  
 The purpose of God and the fate of man !  
 Yet faithful still, in his daily round  
 To the weak, and the poor, and sin-sick found,  
 The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art  
 Drew warmth and life from his fervent heart.  
 Had he not seen in the solitudes  
 Of his deep and dark Northampton Woods  
 A vision of love about him fall ?  
 Not the blinding splendor which fell on Saul,  
 But the tenderer glory that rests on them  
 Who walk in the New Jerusalem,  
 Where never the sun nor moon are known,  
 But the Lord and his love are the light alone !  
 And watching the sweet, still countenance  
 Of the wife of his bosom rapt in trance,  
 Had he not treasured each broken word  
 Of the mystical wonder seen and heard ;  
 And loved the beautiful dreamer more  
 That thus to the desert of earth she bore  
 Clusters of Eschol from Canaan's shore !'

And here we have, from the same poem, a portrait of Whitefield, in which, if we see some few words in which we should dissent from the poet, we will leave the quotation as it stands, without making our exception to our readers :—

'Lo ! by the Merrimack WHITEFIELD stands  
 In the temple that never was made by hands,—  
 Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,  
 And dome of the sunshine over all !—  
 A homeless pilgrim with dubious name  
 Blown about on the winds of fame ;  
 Now as angel of blessing classed,  
 And now as a mad enthusiast.  
 Called in his youth to sound and gauge  
 The moral lapse of his race and age,  
 And, sharp as truth, the contrast draw  
 Of human frailty and perfect law ;  
 Possessed by the one dread thought that lent  
 Its goad to his fiery temperament,  
 Up and down the world he went,  
 A John the Baptist, crying—Repent !

'No perfect whole can our nature make ;  
 Here or there the circle will break ;  
 The orb of life as it takes the light  
 On one side leaves the other in night.  
 Never was saint so good and great  
 As to give no chance at St. Peter's gate  
 For the plea of the devil's advocate.  
 So, incomplete by his being's law,  
 The marvellous preacher had his flaw :  
 With step unequal, and lame with faults,

His shade on the path of History halts.  
 Wisely and well said the Eastern bard :  
 Fear is easy, but love is hard,—  
 Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,—  
 And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage ;  
 But he is greatest and best who can  
 Worship Allah by loving man.

‘Thus he—to whom, in the painful stress  
 Of zeal on fire from its own excess,  
 Heaven seemed so vast and earth so small  
 That man was nothing, since God was all—  
 Forgot, as the best at times have done,  
 That the love of the Lord and of man are one.  
 Little to him whose feet unshod  
 The thorny path of the desert trod,  
 Careless of pain, so it led to God,—  
 Seemed the hunger-pang and the poor man's wrong,  
 The weak ones trodden beneath the strong.  
 Should the worm be chooser?—the clay withstand  
 The shaping will of the potter's hand!’

We are glad to quote Whittier, too, on Goëthe, confirming the impression we expressed in a recent number:—

‘We are but men : no gods are we,  
 To sit in mid-heaven, cold and bleak,  
 Each separate, on his painful peak,  
 Thin-cloaked in self-complacency !

‘Better his lot whose axe is swung  
 In Wartburg woods ; or that poor girl's  
 Who by the Ilm her spindle whirls  
 And sings the songs that Luther sang,

‘Than his who, old, and cold, and vain,  
 At Weimar sat, a demigod,  
 And bowed with Jove's imperial nod  
 His votaries in and out again !

Mr. Whittier, whose lines to Joseph Sturge on the death of his sister we have referred to, lived to commemorate in touching and beautiful lines the death of that most noble and high-minded, clear-sighted, and tender-hearted philanthropist. Those lines we have specially indicated seem admirably to express the character of that noble, beautiful, and lamented man:—

#### IN REMEMBRANCE OF JOSEPH STURGE.

‘In the fair land o'erwatched by Ischia's mountains,  
 Across the charmed bay  
 Whose blue waves keep with Capri's silver fountains  
 Perpetual holiday,



- ‘ A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,  
His gold-bought masses given ;  
And Rome’s great altar smokes with gums to sweeten  
Her foulest gift to heaven.
- ‘ And while all Naples thrills with mute thanksgiving,  
The court of England’s queen  
For the dead monster so abhorred while living  
In mourning garb is seen.
- ‘ With a true sorrow God rebukes that feigning :  
By lone Edgbaston’s side  
Stands a great city in the sky’s sad raining,  
Bare-headed and wet-eyed !
- ‘ Silent for once the restless hive of labor,  
Save the low funeral tread,  
Or voice of craftsman whispering to his neighbour  
The good deeds of the dead.
- ‘ For him no minister’s chant of the immortals  
Rose from the lips of sin ;  
No mitred priest swung back the heavenly portals  
To let the white soul in.
- ‘ But Age and Sickness framed their tearful faces  
In the low hovel’s door,  
And prayers went up from all the dark by-places  
And Ghettos of the poor.
- ‘ The pallid toiler and the negro chattel,  
The vagrant of the street,  
The human dice wherewith in games of battle  
The lords of earth compete,
- ‘ Touched with a grief that needs no outward draping,  
All swelled the long lament  
Of grateful hearts, instead of marble, shaping  
His viewless monument !
- ‘ For never yet, with ritual pomp and splendor,  
In the long heretofore,  
A heart more loyal, warm, and true, and tender,  
Has England’s turf closed o’er.
- ‘ And if there fell from out her grand old steeples  
No crash of brazen wail,  
The murmurous woe of kindreds, tongues, and peoples  
Swept in on every gale.
- ‘ It came from Holstein’s birchen-belted meadows,  
And from the tropic calms  
Of Indian islands in the sun-smit shadows  
Of Occidental palms ;

' From the locked roadsteads of the Bothnian peasants,  
And harbours of the Finn,  
Where war's worn victims saw his gentle presence  
Come sailing, Christ-like in,

' To seek the lost, to build the old waste-places,  
To link the hostile shores  
Of severing seas, and sow with England's daisies  
The moss of Finland's moors.

' Thanks for the good man's beautiful example,  
Who in the vilest saw  
Some sacred crypt or altar of a temple  
Still vocal with God's law ;

' And heard with tender ear the spirit sighing  
As from its prison cell,  
Praying for pity, like the mournful crying  
Of Jonah out of hell.

' Not his the golden pen's or lip's persuasion,  
*But a fine sense of right,*  
*And truth's directness, meeting each occasion,*  
*Straight as a line of light.*

' His faith and works, like streams that intermingle,  
In the same channel ran :  
*The crystal clearness of an eye kept single*  
Shamed all the frauds of man.

' The very gentlest of all human natures  
He joined to courage strong,  
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures  
With sturdy hate of wrong.

' Tender as woman ; *manliness and meekness*  
*In him were so allied*  
*That they who judged him by his strength or weakness*  
*Saw but a single side.*

' Men failed, betrayed him, but his zeal seemed nourished  
By failure and by fall ;  
Still a large faith in human kind he cherished,  
And in God's love for all.

' And now he rests : his greatness and his sweetness  
No more shall seem at strife ;  
*And death has moulded into calm completeness*  
*The statue of his life.*

' Where the dew's glisten and the song-birds warble,  
His dust to dust is laid,  
In Nature's keeping, with no pomp of marble  
To shame his modest shade.

'The forges glow, the hammers all are ringing ;  
    Beneath its smoky veil,  
Hard by, the city of his love is swinging  
    Its clamorous iron flail.

'But round his grave are quietude and beauty,  
    And the sweet heaven above,—  
The fitting symbols of a life of duty  
    Transfigured into love !'

We spoke just now of the pleasant variety of this volume ; the following lines are not only humourous—they are even queer, and have a grotesque reality very distinct and original :—

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE.

'Of all the rides since the birth of time,  
Told in story or sung in rhyme,—  
On Apuleius's Golden Ass,  
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,  
Witch astride of a human hack,  
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—  
The strangest ride that ever was sped  
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead !  
    Old Floyd Ireson for his hard heart,  
    Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
    By the women of Marblehead !

'Body of turkey, head of owl,  
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,  
Feathered and ruffled in every part,  
Skipper Ireson stood in a cart.  
Scores of women, old and young,  
Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,  
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,  
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain :  
    "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
    Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
    By the women o' Morble'ead !"

'Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,  
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,  
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase  
Bacchus round some antique vase,  
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,  
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,  
With conch-shells blowing, and fish-horns' twang,  
Over and over the Mænads sang :  
    "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
    Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
    By the women o' Morble'ead !"

Small pity for him !—He sailed away  
From a leaking ship, in Chaleur Bay,—  
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,  
With his own town's-people on her deck !  
"Lay by ! lay by !" they called to him.



Back he answered, "Sink or swim!  
 Brag of your catch of fish again!"  
 And off he sailed through the fog and rain!  
     Old Floyd Ireson for his hard heart,  
     Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
     By the women of Marblehead!

'Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur  
 That wreck shall lie for evermore.  
 Mother and sister, wife and maid,  
 Looked from the rocks of Marblehead  
 Over the moaning and rainy sea,—  
 Looked for the coming that might not be!  
 What did the winds and the sea-birds say  
 Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—  
     Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
     Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
     By the women of Marblehead!

'Through the street, on either side,  
 Up flew windows, doors swung wide;  
 Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,  
 Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.  
 Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,  
 Hulks of old sailors run aground,  
 Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,  
 And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:  
     "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
     Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
     By the women o' Morble'ead!"

'Sweetly along the Salem road  
 Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.  
 Little the wicked skipper knew  
 Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.  
 Riding there in his sorry trim,  
 Like an Indian idol glum and grim,  
 Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear  
 Of voices shouting far and near:  
     "Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,  
     Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt  
     By the women o' Marble'ead!"

"Hear me, neighbours!" at last he cried,—  
 "What to me is this noisy ride?  
 What is the shame that clothes the skin  
 To the nameless horror that lives within?  
 Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,  
 And hear a cry from a reeling deck!  
 Hate me and curse me,—I only dread  
 The hand of God and the face of the dead!"  
     Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
     Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
     By the women of Marblehead!

'Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea  
Said, "God has touched him!—why should we?"  
Said an old wife mourning her only son,  
"Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!"  
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,  
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,  
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,  
And left him alone with his shame and sin.  
    Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,  
    Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart  
    By the women of Marblehead!'

Like all the New England poets, Mr. Whittier avails himself of the abundant stories, legends, and traditions which give a wild variety to the earlier days of its Puritan history, and of which we have such a variety in Cotton Mather's '*Magnalia*.' Here is one he has turned to good use:—

THE DOUBLE-HEADED SNAKE OF NEWBURY.

'Far away in the twilight time  
Of every people, in every clime,  
Dragons and griffins and monsters dire,  
Born of water, and air, and fire,  
Or nursed, like the Python, in the mud  
And ooze of the old Deucalion flood,  
Crawl and wriggle and foam with rage,  
Through dusk tradition and ballad age.  
So from the childhood of Newbury town  
And its time of fable the tale comes down,  
Of a terror which haunted bush and brake,  
The Amphisbæna, the Double Snake!  
Thou who makest the tale thy mirth,  
Consider that strip of Christian earth  
On the desolate shore of a sailless sea,  
Full of terror and mystery,  
Half-redeemed from the evil hold  
Of the wood so dreary, and dark, and old,  
Which drank with its lips of leaves the dew  
When Time was young, and the world was new,  
And wove its shadows with sun and moon,  
Ere the stones of Cheops were squared and hewn;  
Think of the sea's dread monotone,  
Of the mournful wail from the pine-wood blown,  
Of the strange, vast splendours that lit the North,  
Of the troubled throes of the quaking earth,  
And the dismal tales of the Indian told,  
Till the settler's heart at his hearth grew cold,  
And he shrank from the tawny wizard's boasts,  
And the hovering shadows seemed full of ghosts,  
And above, below, and on every side,  
The fear of his creed seemed verified;—  
And think, if his lot were now thine own,  
To grope with terrors nor named nor known,

How laxer muscle and weaker nerve  
And a feebler faith thy need might serve ;  
And own to thyself the wonder more  
That the snake had two heads, and not a score !

Whether he lurked in the Oldtown fen,  
Or the grey earth-flax of the Devil's Den,  
Or swam in the wooded Artichoke,  
Or coiled by the Northman's Written Rock,  
Nothing on record is left to show ;  
Only the fact that he lived, we know,  
And left the cast of a double head  
In the scaly mask which he yearly shed.  
For he carried a head where his tail should be,  
And the two, of course, could never agree,  
But wriggled about with main and might,  
Now to the left and now to the right ;  
Pulling and twisting this way and that,  
Neither knew what the other was at.

'A snake with two heads, lurking so near !—  
Judge of the wonder, guess at the fear !  
Think what ancient gossips might say,  
Shaking their heads in their dreary way,  
Between the meetings on Sabbath-day !  
How urchins, searching at day's decline  
The Common Pasture for sheep or kine,  
The terrible double-ganger heard  
In leafy rustle or whirr of bird !  
Think what a zest it gave to the sport,  
In berry-time of the younger sort,  
As over pastures blackberry-twined  
Reuben and Dorothy lagged behind,  
And closer and closer, for fear of harm,  
The maiden clung to her lover's arm ;  
And how the spark, who was forced to stay,  
By his sweetheart's fears, till the break of day,  
Thanked the snake for the fond delay !

Far and wide the tale was told,  
'Like a snowball growing while it rolled.  
The nurse hushed with it the baby's cry ;  
And it served, in the worthy minister's eye,  
To paint the primitive serpent by.  
Cotton Mather came galloping down  
All the way to Newbury town,  
With his eyes agog and his ears set wide,  
And his marvellous inkhorn at his side ;  
Stirring the while in the shallow pool  
Of his brains for the lore he learned at school,  
To garnish the story, with here a streak  
Of Latin, and there another of Greek :  
And the tales he heard and the notes he took,  
Behold ! are they not in his Wonder-Book ?



Stories, like dragons, are hard to kill.  
If the snake does not, the tale runs still  
In Byfield Meadows, on Pipestave Hill.  
And still, whenever husband and wife  
Publish the shame of their daily strife,  
And, with mad cross-purpose, tug and strain  
At either end of the marriage-chain,  
The gossips say, with a knowing shake  
Of their gray heads, "Look at the Double Snake!  
One in body and two in will,  
The Amphisbæna is living still!"

It is scarcely possible, in such a self-conscious age as ours, for even so simple and earnest a nature as Mr. Whittier's is, to be unimpressed by some of the more forbidden, or, if not forbidden, painful and disturbing questions which have, from age to age, stirred the bookman and schoolman, but which in ours have descended from the schools to be the vexing thoughts of the multitude. The volume before us contains many such. Our writer testifies that to him—

'No victory comes of all our strife,  
From all we grasp the meaning slips;  
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,  
With the old question on her awful lips.'

Some of the lines in the 'Questions of Life' are very well known to us, yet showing how the dangerous mystical tendency of our times has given its Amreeta call even to so practical a poet as our writer:—

'A bending staff I would not break,  
A feeble faith I would not shake,  
Nor even rashly pluck away  
The error which some truth may stay,  
Whose loss might leave the soul without  
A shield against the shafts of doubt.

'And yet, at times, when over all  
A darker mystery seems to fall  
(May God forgive the child of dust,  
Who seeks to *know*, where Faith should *trust*!)  
I raise the questions, old and dark,  
Of Uzdom's tempted patriarch,  
And speech-confounded, build again  
The baffled tower of Shinar's plain.

'I am: how little more I know!  
Whence came I? Whither do I go?  
A centred self, which feels and is;  
A cry between the silences.

'Of all I see in earth and sky,—  
Star, flower, beast, bird,—what part have I?

Allied to all, yet not the less  
 Prisoned in separate consciousness,  
 Alone o'erburdened with a sense  
 Of life, and cause, and consequence !

'In vain to me the Sphinx propounds  
 The riddle of her sights and sounds ;  
 Back still the vaulted mystery gives  
 The echoed question it receives.  
 What sings the brook ? What oracle  
 Is in the pine tree's organ-swell ?  
 What may the wind's low burden be ?  
 The meaning of the moaning sea ?  
 The hieroglyphics of the stars ?  
 Or clouded sunset's crimson bars ?  
 I vainly ask, for mocks my skill  
 The trick of Nature's cipher still.

'To HIM, from wanderings long and wild,  
 I come, an over-wearied child,  
 In cool and shade his peace to find,  
 Like dew-fall settling on my mind.  
 Assured that all I know is best,  
 And humbly trusting for the rest,  
 I turn from Fancy's cloud-built scheme,  
 Dark creed, and mournful eastern dream  
 Of power, impersonal and cold,  
 Controlling all, itself controlled.'

But we must bid farewell to our well-loved farmer and Quaker poet, with gratitude, admiration, and love, more than we have often given to greater men and books.

## V.

### HISTORY OF PROTESTANT NONCONFORMITY IN WALES, FROM ITS RISE TO THE PRESENT TIME.\*

WE have here a volume which, to Nonconformists in general and more especially to Welsh Nonconformists, should possess great value and interest. We confess, however, to our own minds, this very copious volume derives great interest from the fact that its author is one of that great and noble number of men who have made their way clear to become instructors of others by a course of difficult and successful self-education. The circumstances under which it has been produced cannot be known

\* *History of Protestant Nonconformity in Wales, from its Rise to the Present Time.* By Thomas Rees. London : John Snow. 8vo., pp. 512.

to the greater number of our readers. We shall depart from our ordinary method, and give to the introductory remarks of our review a somewhat personal character that our readers may appreciate the excellent author.

If an English dissenting minister, with only the scanty advantages of three months' schooling, and with at first only a *book-knowledge* of the French language, and favoured with only very *occasional* opportunities of speaking it, and then only with those who knew it imperfectly, were to write a large octavo volume, in French, he would be pronounced a very clever fellow. What *French* would be to our supposed Saxon parson, English is to the monoglot Welshman.

The Rev. Thomas Rees is a man of humble origin. He spent three months at a country school, and he is, therefore, almost entirely a self-built man. He was little more than twenty years of age when he undertook the charge of a small decayed congregation at Craig-y-byrgoed, an obscure hamlet in the neighbourhood of Merthyr Tydvil. Here he must, like innumerable others of his fellow countrymen in the ministry, have passed rich on something considerably *less* than £40 a-year. The chapel was small and dismal. It bore unmistakeable marks of neglect and decay. The blight of Unitarianism was visible on it and the surrounding district. Its remains still lingered in nooks and corners. The air of the hills was *expensively* and seriously bracing to a vigorous and eupeptic subject. Society there was none. There were mountains and a very few books. We remember visiting our author (very unlikely to become one then) at the close of 1835, at this lonely place. He was then a thin, raw, bony, uncouth country lad. The merry twinkle of a small but clear brown eye, indicated the presence of some *slumbering* potentiality. There was a cheerful, stout heart in him, in spite of very unsunny surroundings. He had entered into covenant with *work*, and was, therefore, content to abide in his mountain solitude. He had resolved to master the English language. At the period of our visit he was engaged in making his first essay. He had procured the 'Life' of Rowland Hill, and, with the aid of an English and Welsh Dictionary, he was fagging away most doggedly at translating this book into the mother tongue. It had, conveniently for him, a wide margin, on which he wrote the Welsh of every word, whose meaning he did not previously know; and for several pages every available spot of white was efficiently darkened; but as he neared the end of the volume, the entrances became fewer and fewer, so that the *last* page presented a virgin clean margin. It was to him a significant circumstance. One English book had been mastered. Finding his income wretchedly small, he wrote to the late Rev.



Dr. Pye Smith, soliciting a little assistance out of some funds which he understood were at his command. In enumerating the various causes which had reduced the 'interest' at Craig-y-byrgoed, and increased his own difficulties, he stated that he had to contend with the remains of Unitarianism, which still lurked in the neighbourhood. The letter, according to the account given us of it the other day by the writer, must have been quite a curiosity as regarded penmanship, orthography, and composition. It was well that Dr. Smith was a first-rate classical scholar, or he would have been sadly puzzled to make out the meaning of this ancient Briton's hieroglyphic communication. The doctor, with his usual kindness and promptness, sent him pecuniary aid, but wrote to say that he entertained very serious doubts as to whether a person so obviously illiterate as he showed himself to be, was a fit and competent man to cope with Unitarians, who, as a general rule, are not wanting in learning and intelligence, and urging him to betake himself to the study of the English language, as an introductory step towards education. Such a communication from such a quarter would have knocked all heart out of many men, but it had the desired effect on Rees, for it stimulated him to *work*; and work he did, until he was able to publish the 'History of Nonconformity in Wales' in *good* English. Had Dr. Pye Smith been now living, no one would have hailed with greater delight the appearance of the present volume; perhaps not alone or so much for what it is in itself as for the evidence it affords of the patience and diligence of its excellent author.

By hard labour our author worked his way out of the obscurity of Craig-y-byrgoed into the populous and stirring district of Aberdare, and thence in course of time to Llanelly, a rising port in Carmarthenshire, and finally to Beaufort, where he now ministers with signal success to a very numerous congregation. During his stay at Llanelly he translated into the Welsh language the whole of Barnes's Commentary on the New Testament. It was this exercise which familiarized him with the idioms of the English language, which, considering his antecedents, he writes with wonderful correctness. With the exception of a very *occasional* grammatical and idiomatic slip, the volume we are now introducing to the English reader might have passed as the production of an educated Saxon.

We have prefixed this hasty sketch of the author to our notice of his work, not with a view to disarm criticism, or to obtain from the *hearts* of English readers a more favourable verdict than their *heads* would be disposed to accord to it. Other people may, happily, be more independent, but we confess at once the weakness—if weakness it be—which cannot separate the speaker from his

speech, the author from his work. Our estimate of the *man* affects our estimate of his productions. Our author is emphatically a great *man*-child. He is a *mild* mountaineer, with the grace of God in him. He is eminently social, and as much beloved for his heartiness, as he is admired for his preaching abilities. *Nature* has made him a solemn impressive speaker. His large face and deep-toned voice, exclude the possibility of anything approaching levity.

In many important respects he was eminently qualified for undertaking the task which he has so successfully executed. He has ever been fond of historical pursuits, and he has a memory to which stick, as pitch to wool, *dates*, and *names* of *men* and *places*—names which it would frighten an Englishman to attempt to pronounce. He is possessed of a patience which very few things can exhaust, and is capable of long-continued labour. He has an unquenchable love of truth, and a fine catholic soul. We know no living Welshman who could have brought a greater combination of qualities to the performance of his task than Mr. Rees. It is impossible not to admire the loving generous mention which he makes of services done to his country by men of *all* persuasions. It is only at the stern bidding of historical truth that he ever utters an unkind word about any man.

Henceforth this volume will be a book of reference, and not without some authority on matters pertaining to Welsh dissent, since the information it contains was to be found before only in separate and comparatively inaccessible sources.

As Wales is preeminently the land and home of nonconformity we shall be greatly disappointed if Mr. Rees's interesting work is not eagerly and carefully read by English Dissenters. We could wish for their sakes that our Cambrian friends had had a greater number of patronymics, and that the names of places—euphonious and significant to Welshmen—had been a little easier of pronunciation by Englishmen. Among a million of people what are about thirty family names? The Joneses are a legion; Davises a numerous progeny; Evanses, thick as autumn leaves; Williameses a host, and Griffithses not a few; while the lucky owners of names, in themselves *distinctive*, and requiring neither prefix nor affix, constitute a small and privileged kind of aristocracy. It would be an immense *social* advantage if Welshmen would all agree some day to assume new and characteristic names. The change, as a general rule, would give lawyers but little employment, and occasion scarcely any confusion in the transference of property. Now, in order to distinguish one Jones from another, it is necessary to add the name of the place where he resides, to prevent confounding one luckless Taffy with another. We knew a school

in Cardiganshire where there were fifteen David Evanses! Poor fellows! They were distinguished by numerals, to save them from the ignominy of nicknames. There was a good old Welshman, and an author too, who was known as *Sitirion* Jones, from the simple fact that he was very frequently in search of one.

The language is also very *bony* or consonantal, and contains words (like the English word '*strength*,' which rejoices in *seven* consonants and only *one* vowel) almost a *foot* long, which are pronounced with the aid of only two or three vowels. We know no people who entertain a greater dread of long, hard names than Englishmen, and to whom the penalty of committing to memory a whole chapter out of Chronicles, would prove a more awful calamity.

In what we purpose saying about Welsh Nonconformity, we shall adhere to the order observed by Mr. Rees.

It is more than full time that Englishmen should thoroughly understand the characteristics of their fellow subjects in the principality. Offa's Dyke has long ceased to divide the Saxon from the Ancient Briton. There never was so much intercourse between England and Wales as at the present time; and when the lines of railway now in course of construction, and those for which bills have been obtained, are completed, the 'land of leeks' will be covered with a net-work of railways, and the two peoples brought into still closer relationships. With few exceptions, the largest landed proprietors in Wales are Englishmen, who have found it very profitable to woo and win Welsh heiresses. There has been a singular failure in the *male* line of succession in Wales as the *Heraldic Visitation* of Lewys Dwnn satisfactorily proves. The mineral resources of the country, together with its slate and flag quarries, have attracted English enterprise and capital. The progress of the English language is also so great that Wales was never *educationally* so much under the influence of English ideas as at this present time. But there is still nevertheless a *primitive national characteristic* life led under cover of the old British tongue, and this—ere it gets too late—it behoves educated Welshmen to interpret correctly to strangers. The life which tourists see at inns, and along the prescribed routes of guide-books, is *not* Welsh life, but often only a very disagreeable compound of what is objectionable in England and Wales.

That the principality is entirely indebted for what she is to-day—*religiously, morally, and educationally*—to the well directed efforts of *Christian* men is abundantly proved by Mr. Rees's work. When the Reformation was established (1534) in England, nothing could be more deplorable and disgraceful than the moral



condition of Wales. Things could not well be otherwise. There was no *preaching*, no *religious* teaching of any sort. There were very few persons who could *read*; and there were no *religious* books, original or translated, in the Welsh language. In the year 1546, Sir John Price, of Brecon, published a translation into Welsh of the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Creed; and in 1551 a Welsh translation was published by William Salisbury, a Denbighshire attorney, of the Psalms, the Gospels, and the Epistles, as appointed to be read in Churches, at the celebration of the Communion, and on Sundays and Fast Days. *This is all that was done for Wales until the reign of Queen Elizabeth.*

The following testimonies to the *immoral* state of Wales are borne by *the Sons of that Church*, to whose guilty slumbers it was due. We shall begin with the brave Penry, whose works were published in the years 1587 and 1589.

'Wales is said to be in a tolerable condition, for it hath many preachers of a long time. *The more shame then for them that it hath no more teaching.* This I dare affirm and stand to, than if a view of all the registries in Wales be taken, the name of that shire, that town, or of that parish, cannot be found, where for the space of six years together, within these twenty-nine years, a godly and learned minister hath executed the duty of a faithful teacher, and approved his ministry in any mean sort. And what should you tell me of Abbey lubbers, who take no pains though they be able? If I utter an untruth let me be reprov'd, and suffer as a slanderer; if a *truth*, why shall I not be allowed? I know very well that to speak anything at all in these days against clergymen is to speak in Bethel with poor Amos, to prophesy in the King's Court, and so to be busy in matters of State. Miserable days! Into what times are we fallen, that thieves and murderers of souls, the very patterns and patrons of all covetousness, proud, and more than Pope-like tyrants, the very defeaters of God's truth, unlearned dolts, blind guides, unseasoned and unsavoury salt, drunkards, foxes and wolves, mire and puddle—to be brief, the very swinesty of all uncleanness, and the very ignominy and reproach of the sacred ministry, cannot be spoken against, *but this will be straightways made a matter against the State.* And, therefore, all the misery, all the ignorance, all the profaneness in life and conversation, hath been, for the most part, by means of our Bishops and other blind guides; yet may not a man affirm so much with any safety, lest he be said to be a *mutinous and factious fellow, and one that troubleth the State.*

'For mine own part, therefore, the prophet Malachi shall deal with you; and let the reader consider whether his words ought not, in a fearful sort, to strike and astonish you. A son (saith the prophet) honoureth his father, and a servant his master; if I then be a father,

where is mine honour? if a master, where is my fear? saith Jehovah of hosts unto you, O ye bishops of Wales, that despise his name. If you say, wherein have we despised him? it will be answered, that you offer the blind and the maimed unto the holy ministry, and say it is no evil, and so despise the Lord's name, because you say the Lord's ministry is not to be regarded. For seeing you yourselves know, and all Wales knoweth, that you have admitted unto this sacred function, rogues, vagabonds, gadding about the country in the name of scholars, spendthrifts and starving men that made the ministry their last refuge. Seeing you permit such to be in the ministry as are known adulterers, known thieves and roisterers, most abominable swearers, even the men of whom Job speaketh, who are more vile than the earth; do you not say that the Lord's service is not to be regarded? If you do any longer either tolerate others, or continue yourselves, to be thievish, non-residents, and starve the souls of poor innocents, do you regard the Lord's honour and the salvation of his people? Is the law of truth in your mouths? Do you convert any from iniquity? It should be so, indeed; for your lips should preserve knowledge, and the ignorant should seek the law at your mouths, for you ought to be the messengers of Jehovah of hosts. But may this testimony be given of you? I fear me, no. Nay, rather, because all the world seeth that judgment upon you which the prophet denounced against the prelates of his days, namely; that you are vile and contemptible in the sight of the people (for what is more vile and contemptible among the base and basest of our people than to be a priest; yea, a priestly lord bishop). I can judge no otherwise of you, but that you have not kept the ways of Jehovah—gone out of the way; caused many to fall by the law, and corrupted the covenant of Levi. And will you continue in these transgressions? God forbid. Be awakened now at the length, considering whereunto you are called. Undergo that calling no longer which you are unable to discharge. I speak unto you all; even unto you that will be accounted lord bishops, though it be to the Lord's dishonour. Let the curse of damned souls cleave no longer unto you, for it pierceth deeply. You are one day to give a reckoning for your merciless dealings with poor souls.'

In further illustration, we find a curious account of the moral condition of Wales about this time, contained in the Lansdowne MSS. The writer says:—'More than the name of God they (Welshmen) know nothing at all. They take long journeys, barefoot, to the ruins of some ancient church or famous well; and there or on the mountain sides, listen to the minstrels who, accompanied by the harp, celebrate the deeds of their ancestors.'

Our next witness shall be Dr. Richard Davies, bishop of St. David's, who in his letter prefixed to the first translation of the New Testament, printed in the year 1567, gives the following



description of the moral state of the Welsh nation at that time :—

‘Look at the fashion of the world ; there thou shall have a temptation. Such is the greediness of the world this day for land, gold, silver, and riches, that but few are to be found who trust in God and in his promises. By rapine, and theft, perjury, deceit, falsehood, and arrogance, as with hooks, men of all sorts gather and draw to themselves. God will not drown the world with the waters of a deluge ; but lust for the things of this world has drowned Wales at this day, and has driven away everything good and virtuous. For what is office in Wales at the present age but a hook, with which he who holds it draws to himself the fleece and the flesh of his neighbour ? What are learning, knowledge, and skill in the law but thorns in the sides of neighbours, to cause them to stand aloof ? *Oftentimes, in Wales, the hall of the gentleman is found to be the refuge of thieves. Therefore, I say, that were it not for the arms and the wings of the gentry, there would be but little theft in Wales.*’

The testimony of the Rev. Rice Prichard, M.A., the celebrated vicar of Llandoverly, and author of that well-known work in the Principality—the ‘Welchman’s Candle’—is to the same effect. He commenced his ministry at Llandoverly, in the year 1602, and closed it in 1644. He states that not one in a hundred of his countrymen could read the Bible ; that no copy of the Word of God was to be found, even in the mansions of the gentry. The following extracts from ‘a Poem, on the year 1629, when the corn was unwholesome by reason of excessive rain,’ will shed light on the state of morals in his time. At the same time we must remind our readers, that while from their antiquity they are a kind of literary curiosity, we introduce them here on account of their historical value, and not assuredly from any poetical power they possess :—

‘Of ev’ry degree, be they little or great,  
Men strongly endeavour to anger the Lord ;  
As if from the skies each, upon his own pate,  
Attempted dire vengeance to pull with a chord.

‘The priest, he permits them to plunge into vice,  
And headlong to leap into yawning abyss ;  
Or should he endeavour to give them advice,  
They at his instructions contemptuously hiss.

‘Our indolent rulers their duties neglect,  
And suffer transgressors the country to fill ;  
And use not the sword those dull fools to correct,  
Who trample Thy laws under foot at their will.



- 'The vulgar around (like to Israel of old,  
Without either monarch, or prophet, or priest),  
All live vicious lives, by no sanctions controll'd,  
Since they nor of law, faith, or hope, are possessed.
- 'The guileless, our bailiff's oppress without dread,  
And pillage them worse than e'en thieves on the whole;  
Our usurers eat up the needy, like bread,  
Or as the huge whale swallows up a small sole.
- 'Our servants and hirelings do nothing but play,  
Our labourers sit on the ground without heed,  
Or lie at their ease on the grass all the day,  
Not choosing to work till compell'd to 't by need.
- 'Our common mechanics of every employ,  
Must all leave the callings whereat they have been:  
Nay, they that good farms and large tenures enjoy,  
Would fain do the like, and be keeping an inn.
- 'Their spinning and carding our matrons give o'er,  
To brew, they their knitting and sewing lay by;  
They sell all their wheels, and their reels, and such store,  
Casks, bottles, and such sort of lumber to buy.
- 'The murd'rer, the stroller, the pimp and the knave,  
The robber, the thief, and the clerk, we are told,  
Nay, women a licence are suff'ed to have,  
Beer, ale, and tobacco to vend uncontrol'd!
- 'Should the de'il or his dam ever have a desire  
A temple, near that of our Maker's to raise,  
They, for a mere trifle, a temple might hire,  
Expressly devoted to Bacchus's praise.'

From another poem entitled 'A Warning to the Welsh to Repent,' written at the time the great plague raged in London, we select the following verses:—

- 'There's not a hamlet to be found,  
Or petty village, all around,  
But that some monstrous crime appears  
Therein, to din the Godhead's ears.
- 'There's no profession you can name  
That has not highly been to blame,  
As if with all its might it strove,  
To pull down vengeance from above.
- 'Our gentry now, so selfish grown,  
Seek no man's profit but their own:  
God's praise, the good of human kind,  
And the true faith, they never mind.

'Our clergy sleep both night and day,  
And leave the people gad astray,  
And live in every kind of vice,  
Without reproof or good advice.

'The judge and magistrate, for fear  
The murderer and sot forbear ;  
And leave each tyrant to oppress  
The fatherless without redress.

'Our wardens, without check or blame,  
Permit them to revile God's name,  
The Gospel under foot to tread,  
And slight the consecrated bread,

'The sheriffs, and their corm'rant train,  
On the fleec'd populace distrain ;  
And, under veil of justice, prey  
Upon their wealth in open day.

'The wealthy glibly swallow down  
The little all the needy own ;  
And, by oppression, drive the poor  
To beg their bread from door to door.'

The desecration of the Sabbath was also fearfully prevalent in the Principality, as appears from the following stanzas :—

'Though God commands us to keep that day  
Holy,—and thinks therein to be obey'd ;  
Yet less attention most of us ne'er pay  
To any precept, than to that we have paid.

'Of all the days throughout the rolling year,  
There's not a day we pass so much amiss ;  
There's not a day whereon we all appear  
So irreligious, so profane, as this.

'A day for drunkenness, a day for sport,  
A day to dance, a day to lounge away,  
A day for riot and excess too short,  
Amongst most Welshman, is the Sabbath-day.

'A day to sit, a day in chat to spend,  
A day when fighting 'mongst us most prevails ;  
A day to do the errands of the fiend,—  
Such is the Sabbath in most parts of Wales.

'The very day which we should most revere,  
We to defile it still seem most inclined ;  
To the dishonour of our Saviour dear,  
And to the grief of every pious mind.'

One or two more testimonies, and we shall have proved the spiritual condition of the Principality to be as bad as during the reign of Popery.

On the 26th of June, 1641, a petition, signed by Walter Cradock, and many other credible persons in Wales, was presented to Parliament, in which it was stated that there were found, upon strict inquiry, scarcely as many conscientious and constant preachers in Wales as were of counties, and that those too were *silenced or much persecuted*.

In the list of clergy deprived of their livings in Wales from the year 1642 to 1650, by the agents of the Parliamentary Committee for Scandalous Ministers, and the Commissioners under the Act for the Propagation of the Gospel in Wales, we find not a few ejected for non-residency, *inefficiency, drunkenness, adultery, and other crimes*.

In the preamble of an Act, passed in the year 1563, to authorize the translation of the Bible into the Welsh language, it is stated that 'Her Majesty's most loving and obedient subjects, inhabiting within Her Highness' dominion and country of Wales, being no small part of this realm, are utterly destitute of God's Holy Word, and do remain in the like, or *rather more* darkness and ignorance, than they were in the time of Papistry.'

A translation into Welsh of the New Testament was published in 1567, and of the Old Testament in 1588, but the number issued of each was only about 600. The Bible was withheld from the body of the people for nearly a century after the overthrow of Popery. 'For upwards of *seventy years*,' says Dr. Llewelyn, 'from the settlement of the Reformation by Queen Elizabeth, for near *one hundred years* from Britain's separation from the Church of Rome, there were *no Bibles* in Wales, but only in the *cathedrals or parish churches or chapels*. There was no provision made for the county, or for the people in general: as if they had nothing to do with the Word of God, at least, no farther than they might hear it in their attendance on public worship once in the week.'

And after the Scriptures *had* been translated into the language of the Principality, its *religious* condition was bad enough in 1646, when we find a Cardiganshire country gentleman making the following statements in a pamphlet entitled, 'Contemplation on these Times, or, the Parliament explained to Wales.' 'In brief, countrymen, I must tell you we are deceived, and do not know our own condition. We will needs be accounted good Protestants, when, alas! how can that be, when we want means to become so? To say a perfunctory reading of the *Common Prayer* can make us so, is to say it can do miracles. A wretched sermon, now and then, and that either by an ignorant or scandalous minister,



or both, alas ! what can it do ? it being commonly, too, such stuff, you know not whether it savours stronger of the *ale* or the *pocket*. In many places not a sermon is scarce *to be had once a year*. *Half an hour's shower in a great drought will little avail the chapped earth*. I must tell you, abating gentry and a few others, that by the benefit of education may be otherwise, generally, I dare boldly say, we can be but Papists or worse in Wales. I need not remind you of that swarm of *blind, superstitious ceremonies* that are among us, passing under the name of *old harmless customs* ; *their frequent calling upon saints in their prayers and blessings* ; *their peregrinations to wells and chapels*. Mistake me not, that I delight to discover the blemishes of my country : it argues good will to tell one's malady before a physician.'

We have furnished our readers with abundant evidence, obtained from credible, reliable witnesses, to prove that the condition of Wales was deplorable in the extreme, not merely at the period when the Reformation was established in England, when, perhaps, nothing favourable was to be expected, but for some years after that mighty revolution had taken place. It is due to the reputation of 'the mighty mother of the sects,' as Mr. Binney has designated the Established Church in this country, that we should honestly and gratefully record the services rendered by members of her communion to the principality. The Scriptures were translated into the Welsh language by her bishops. The *first* man who preached the Gospel in Wales after the establishment of the Reformation, was John Penry, who, in all probability, would never have left the Church of England if he had been allowed full liberty to evangelize his native country. It is only just now, and tardily enough, that anything like justice is being done to the memory of this noble Welshman. Such men as the brave John Penry and Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, and the first man that legislated for freedom of conscience, are an honour to any country ; and it must, we presume, be very mortifying to such of their countrymen as have any ambition about them, that their biography should have been written by strangers. As Dr. Waddington's 'Life of Penry' has obtained only a very limited circulation, instead of being laid as thick over 'Voluntaria' as manure over a wheat-field in autumn, we shall furnish our readers with a condensed narrative of his life and labours.

He was born at Cevnbrith, in the parish of Llangammarch, in the county of Brecon, South Wales, in the year 1559. He was descended from Elystan Glodrudd (Athelstan Fairface), Prince of Ferillys, an extensive tract of country, lying between the Chwevri and the Severn. The homestead of the Penries who, at the time

of our hero's birth, had occupied it for *thirteen* generations, stands on a gentle eminence rising from the glen of the Dulas, and at only a short distance from its junction with the Irvon, which unites with the Wye, near Builth, some nine miles off. In its time, Cevnbrith must have possessed some pretensions to the name of *palace*, as the Welsh people are wont to designate any well-built house. Originally it must have been thatched, as a part of it is to this day; but the rooms are large, and everything about it is *solidly* substantial, for all the timber-work is *oak*. The old Welsh people were very partial to this wood. They built their houses to *last*, not to sell. Beams, rafters, joists, and boards, were of solid oak, and so was the furniture. The old-fashioned cupboard-beds, tables and chairs, were of oak; and of oak, too, were the hearts of these hardy, merry mountaineers.

To the east of Cevnbrith is the Eppynt, an unbroken mountain ridge, extending from the Gwydderig, near Llandovery, to the banks of the Wye, a distance of forty miles. To the west is the valley of the Irvon, through which the 'iron horse' will soon travel on its way from Milford Haven to Manchester. To the north and south are views varied and wild. The out-looks from the house would satisfy any poet. The district is partly agricultural, and partly pastoral. Penry's *original* parish church was rebuilt about four years ago, but the congregation consists not of a dozen souls. The whole neighbourhood, with its net-work of glens and valleys, far away into the very remotest uplands, is entirely in possession of Independents, Calvinistic Methodists, and Baptists. The Church has never wielded any moral power over that mountainous region. This part of Breconshire must have been very secluded at the time when Penry was born. Indeed it is only during the last seventy years that the district has been made known to people at a distance, in consequence of the discovery of valuable mineral springs, to which many hundreds resort during the summer months, and which *thousands* will visit so soon as the railway, now in course of construction, shall be finished. From the summit of the surrounding hills, there are panoramic views of some seventy miles long, by forty miles wide. The air is pure and bracing. The neighbourhood abounds with spots of delicious seclusion. There are deep winding glens, vocal with the chatter and babble of riotous mountain streams. There are sunny slopes, gorse-clad, and speckled with flocks of Welsh sheep, whose lambs are the most frolicsome of all younglings, animal or human. But their cries, when they miss their dams, are painfully *human*-like, and as they come floating on the fitful breeze, mingled with the sound of some distant cascade, they fall on the ear with the effect ever produced by nature's own extemporized but perfect music. The

population of these parts is in a great measure primitive and unsophisticated. But seventy years ago, before Welsh periodicals were established, was the *time*, and *this* was the quarter, for stories of ghosts and fairies. Veins of sulphur run through the hills, and the peat smoke smells strongly of it. The land is imperfectly drained. It is the home of gaseous exhalations. Fear and superstition furnished interpretations which are rejected by the geologist and chemist of the present day. Times were easy, rents low, and the habits of the natives inexpensive. The long winter evenings were spent in knitting, and in order to combine amusement with work, large parties were formed, who visited these farm houses in turn and succession. Imagine a huge large kitchen, with its capacious chimney-corners,—a cart load of peat laid on the hearth to make a bonfire, that with its blazing heat would compel the elder knitters, who sat near it, either to shift their quarters, or devise some means to preserve their shins from blistering, while a large pot containing milk-porridge, or oven with its lid covered with live embers to bake the flour-and-potatoe pie inside, was suspended over it by means of some rude apparatus fastened inside—a very murky looking chimney.

Outside, the snow falls thick and fast, but man and beast are safe under cover.

The *diet* of the district used to be almost entirely farinaceous; and as, about the period we are now speaking of, the price of butter was as low as four-pence per pound; there was little made of it except what was laid down for winter use. Bread and milk was the favourite food. But *such* milk! When it had stood twelve hours in the pans, the cream would be thick enough to float a *sixpence*. It was victuals and drink, butter and cheese; and this mode of using it saved the expense and trouble of churning and curd-crushing. The stomach was the grand chemist, and did all that was required. Tea there was none; and Cobbett's abomination—the potatoe—was only in occasional use as a festive treat.

But to return to Penry, who describes himself in his protestation before his death, sent to Lord Burleigh, Lord Treasurer of England, 'as a young man bred and born in the *mountains* of Wales'—a description, true to the life, of the situation of Cevn-brith. Of his father, we know nothing, except his name, which was Meredydd, for the very probable reason that there was nothing remarkable about him: but of his *mother* he makes *loving, generous, grateful* mention. In the letter which he wrote to his daughters from prison, a few weeks before his execution, he gives them the following charge,—'Be an *especial* comfort, in my stead, unto the grey hairs of my poor mother, whom the Lord used as



*the only means* of my stay in the beginning of my studies, whereby I have come unto the knowledge of that most precious faith in Christ Jesus, in the defence whereof I stand at this present in the great joy of my soul, though in much outward discomfort.' There never was yet perhaps a man of any mark whose mother did not possess some striking characteristics. A son, as a general rule, will find his best friend in the mother, and a daughter in the father. Something like the remains of a modified gallantry seems to regulate the intercourse of parents with children of the opposite sex to their own. So far as the *children* themselves are concerned, it is of incalculable importance that their mothers should be possessed of superior abilities, and well educated, for it is upon them will devolve the task—and no light one either—of answering the first questionings of the opening inquiring mind, and of forming its character. 'The words of King Lemuel, the prophecy which his mother taught him.'

As Penry's parents were not rich, though they occupied their own estate, the reference to the '*means of his stay*' at the University, as having been furnished by his mother—at this time, *perhaps*, a widow—is suggestive of much that is touching in reference to the loving woman. Those '*means*' represent we know not *now how much* forethought, economy, and self-denial! Farmers are proverbial for the reluctance with which they part with money, and it is no marvel when we consider that there are no returns so slow as those of agricultural pursuits. It is only at stated periods that they can expect to make money. These '*means*' suggest a certain number of fleeces sold after shearing time in June—so many 'cullings,' 'lambs,' and 'weathers' out of the flock—so many 'cheeses' sold to neighbouring labourers—so many 'firkins' of butter; and, not unlikely, so many dozen pairs of 'stockings,' sold at Builth, Brecon, and Llandovery Fairs. The flock that grazed on Eppynt hard by, and the kine that browsed in the meadows under Cevnbrith, helped the heroic, devoted mother to maintain her John at the university. She had enough to do, for there were brothers and sisters engaged on the farm who must be kept in good humour, and any risings of jealousy of this 'Joseph' prevented by diverse gifts and rewards. The ploughman, shepherd, and dairymaid, must be cheered, or there will be but little peace and harmony in the home of Penry. How many Welsh dissenting ministers and clergymen are indebted for the means of education to the *penny and farthing savings*—to the 'egg' and 'stocking' money of thrifty mothers! Blessings on the memory of these willing, cheerful helpers of struggling youth!

When Penry was nineteen years old, he was sent to Cambridge, 'that he might procure the good of the land where he first saw the

light of the sun.' He was admitted to Peterhouse as an undersizer. The luxuries of modern days were unknown 280 years ago at Cambridge. What would the modern Cantabs say to getting up in the morning between four and five o'clock, and dining at ten with a bill of fare no more tempting than '*a pennyworth of beef*' as the 'allowance for FOUR,' with a 'few porage' made of the broth of the same beef, with salt and oatmeal, and—'alas my bowels'—*nothing* else. And during the day there was held out no brighter prospect than that of supping at five in the evening on a second edition, *without* 'improvement,' of the morning repast. Snug carpeted studies, furnished with easy chairs, and cheered by a blazing fire, the students had *not*, but were fain to run up and down for half an hour 'to get a heete on their feete,' before going to bed. The times were hard, but they bred hardy Spartan men. Queen Elizabeth must have been a hearty girl when she could breakfast on a beefsteak, lubricated with a pint of nut-brown ale. Surely 'good digestion' must have attended her royally good appetite. There was, of course, more beef to be had for a 'penny' in the days of Penry than now: indeed in the twelfth century, a very plump, good-conditioned sheep could be purchased for a shilling or thirteen-pence. Money was much scarcer and dearer then than now. It is a great mistake, and a libel on John Bull, to represent him even *now*, to say nothing of eighty years ago, as if he lived on roast beef and other flesh to the exclusion almost of bread-food. In the midland counties of England—the goshen of meat-making—about the year 1780, butcher's meat was eaten by farmers, small tradesmen, and shopkeepers only on Sundays. They were on much more intimate terms with bacon, *hasty-pudding*, and *broth*—*nettle* broth too—using the *stinger itself* as a substitute for the cabbage, and other 'green stuff' of modern times. And now that we are speaking of the few creature-comforts which students enjoyed in Penry's time, we cannot forbear quoting the Rev. Timothy East, who told us on one occasion, that even in *his* student-days, things were not much better at Gosport, for he had no fire in his study, and in order to prevent his being frozen to death, he had to place his feet on the lid of a tin pan, filled with hot-water; he wore his top-coat and night-cap, and even then it was with chattering teeth and a very blue nose that he tried to rattle through the conjugations of the Latin verb. We think much of the conveniences and facilities of our boasted advanced civilization, but we may be paying too dear for them in the loss of hardihood and independence of externals. The fewer a man's habits, the greater his independence. If a man cannot carry on his mental operations in the midst of a host of interruptions and confusions, he must be capable of but little abstraction.

We could name one editor of a London Paper, who has composed some of his most telling leaders as he walked through Fleet Street. There is nothing so richly entertaining as to witness in certain houses the signs that the '*genius*' of the household is '*engaged*' in his '*STUDY*.' The blind is down, and silence like that of death reigns throughout the whole establishment. Children must not cry, cats must not mew, mice must not squeak, dogs dare not bark, and the unlucky wight that is troubled with a cold must not sneeze except in the most subdued style, while *coughing* must not be thought of any more than treason, lest it should slaughter a figure and damage an illustration. With padded feet must all move about the premises, and with bated breath do the speaking, for it is very serious time for the good man upstairs, and no one can tell how it may yet go with him. The great *thinker* himself is just now a most picturesque object—with his open shirt-collar, disheveled hair, and absent dreamy look. But Sunday will reward you with—what? You shall know soon enough.

There is no danger that our Penry shall be spoiled through too many indulgences at Cambridge. He works, and works *hard* and successfully. When he went up to the university he was at heart a Papist, and, when he could secure opportunity, would steal out to assist a priest at midnight mass. This is not to be wondered at, for Protestantism was established in this country *by law* before it was established in the *convictions* and *preferences* of the people. He was nine years of age before the New Testament was translated into the Welsh language, and of the first edition there was printed only the miserable number of 600; and he was twenty-nine before the Old Testament was translated into the vernacular. Happily for him there were *Puritan* preachers at Cambridge, whom he was induced to go to hear at the invitation of his fellow collegians, Udall, Greenwood, and Barrowe; the result was that he was convinced, not only of the errors of Popery, but of his own lost condition as a sinner; he became not merely an *enlightened Protestant*, but a *Christian*. He and his pious associates consorted much together, and by prayer and conversation strengthened each other for the days of trial which were awaiting them—all were destined for the honours of martyrdom.

'In 1583 he took a degree, and nearly completed the exercises required for Master of Arts. Before the term arrived, however, for the examination he left Cambridge, and entered himself as a commoner at Oxford; the reason for this apparently abrupt departure from his *Alma Mater* is to be found in the comparative state of the two universities at the time in relation to ecclesiastical reform. At Cambridge the Puritans were closely watched, and often rigorously punished whilst at the sister university they found



protection and encouragement. The Earl of Leicester, Chancellor of Oxford, inclined to their views; as did Dr. John Rainolds, reader of divinity, and afterwards president of Corpus Christi College. Those who laboured to reduce the Church to its normal state of purity and order, naturally preferred, under these circumstances, the Isis to the Cam. On some account, also, Oxford was the resort, at this period, of students from Wales; so much so, that in several colleges their votes had a preponderating influence; it can excite no surprise, therefore, to find Penry at St. Alban's Hall. In the beginning of July, 1586, he was licensed to proceed in arts as a member of that hall, and on the 11th of the same month completed the degree in an act celebrated in the church of St. Mary.'

Mr. Rees has traced at some length the life of this noble man, at greater length than we can follow him. His exertions for the evangelization of Wales were considerable. He exposed, with great vigour, the glaring abuses by which the Episcopal clergy in Wales ruined the souls of his countrymen, simply for his Nonconformity. On the 22nd day of March, 1593, he was committed to prison, and on the 29th of May, at five in the afternoon, he was executed secretly, at St. Thomas-a-watering in Surrey. For fear of a popular tumult, the sheriff would not allow him to speak to the people, nor make any profession of his faith towards God, or his loyalty to the Queen, but ordered him to be turned off in a hurry. He was only thirty-four years of age, and he left a wife and three young daughters to deplore his loss.

We cannot follow the succession of brave and ardent spirits in succeeding years raised up by God to dispel the spiritual darkness of the land. Wales is at this present day, perhaps, as religiously intelligent as any spot of the earth. As we heard a Welsh minister once say, 'except in our large towns, where they are sent from England, we have no heathen with us; in our villages and smaller towns every man and woman and child knows something of the plan of salvation.' For this Wales is indebted not to the Established Church; but for Protestant Nonconformity, Wales would, at this time, have been in as deplorable a condition as Ireland. Mr. Walter Cradock, in a sermon published in 1648, testifies to an astonishing work of grace; but he says:—

'I use not to tell stories, but let me tell this one thing. Since I have been from you of late, I have observed, and seen, in the mountains of Wales, the most glorious work that I ever saw in England, unless it were in London. The Gospel is run over the mountains between Brecknockshire and Monmouthshire, as the fire in the thatch. And who should do this? They have no ministers; but some of the wisest say that there are about *eight hundred* godly people there, and they go from one to another. They have no ministers, it is true;

if they had, they would honour them, and bless God for them. And shall we rail at such, and say they are tub-preachers, and they were never at the University? Let us all fall down, and honour God: what if God will honour himself that way? They are filled with good news, and they tell it to others; and therefore vex not at them, and say, What times are these? and what will become of us? Why what is the matter? Oh, such a man, he was never a Master of Arts, he was never of the University, and he takes upon himself to preach;—when it may be he hath more of God in him than I, and a hundred that have all this.'

Through many persecutions of which the world has heard little,—for the poet and the novelist have not risen as yet to tell the story and the romance of the Principality—religion advanced in Wales; and Mr. Rees has brought together, in the compass of his volume, a multitude of names, it does the heart good to pronounce; the hearty and noble labourers, although poor and obscure in those wild retreats, their works follow them. The volume is not wanting in anecdote and citation; yet more of both of these would have even pleased us better. In Wales we are still able to see what is the primitive and original power of speech. Books and newspapers are very rare—the preacher is the only fountain of intelligence; and from day to day he travels on to meet his 'publication,' to gather his small company around him, break the bread of Life, and hasten on to the next. So often have we seen him amidst the wildest of those hills—the pinnacles of nature—on his mountain pony, the bridle thrown across its neck, the preacher, gently jogging on, carefully reading his New Testament, and 'exercising himself unto godliness.' In no place have the persecutions set on foot by Church of Englandism been more bitter than in the Principality, especially during the brief tyrannicide of James II. Mr. Rees' books abound with such pleasant little memorials as the following:—

'Some time in the reign of James II., a meeting of ministers was to be held at Pwllheli. Seeing the threatening attitude of the mob, most of the ministers were afraid to engage in the service; but one courageous young man (supposed to be Mr. Daniel Phillips, who afterwards exercised his ministry in that town for nearly forty years) said:—"With your permission, brethren, I will venture to preach." Soon after he had announced his text, one of the persecutors fired a gun at him. The ball passed within a hair's breadth of his head to the partition behind him. Perceiving his providential escape, he cried out, "In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me," and proceeded with his discourse undismayed.'

In those years, Mr. Henry Williams, pastor of a congregational

church in Montgomeryshire, was one of the greatest sufferers. The following story well fits those times when faith in a wonder-working Providence was the stay and trust of the noble army of Nonconformist martyrs; the quotation is from 'Richard's Welsh Nonconformist Memorial.'

'Among the severe sufferings and heavy trials which Mr. Williams underwent, the following have been related as some of the most remarkable. He was once set upon while preaching, dragged from the place where he stood, cruelly beaten, and left apparently dead, like Paul at Lystra. His imprisonments were long and rigorous, and are said to have taken up no less than *nine years*. At one of the times he lay in prison, the bloody persecutors set fire to his house, and burned it to the ground. Another time they beset it, broke in, and plundered his goods, and even *murdered his aged father*, who was attempting to prevent their getting into the upper rooms. His wife also, then pregnant, in endeavouring to make her escape, with one child in her arms, and leading another, they cruelly insulted. At last they seized the stock upon the land, and seemed resolved to leave nothing behind them for the future subsistence of the family. There was, however, a field of wheat then just sown, which the unfeeling wretches could not carry off, and probably did not think worth their while to destroy. That field thrived amazingly. All the winter and spring its appearance struck every beholder, and the crop it produced was so very abundant, as to become the common talk and wonder of the whole country. Nothing like it had been ever known in those parts. In short, the produce of that field amply repaid him for the losses of the preceding year. It was said, indeed, that it amounted to more than double the value of wheat the persecuting plunderers had carried off. This, together with the untimely and awful end of divers of his most bitter persecutors, had such a terrifying effect upon the inhabitants, as secured him from being ever afterwards so barbarously treated. The said field, I believe, is known there, and shown to strangers to this day.'

Amidst the glens and mountains the prophets had their hiding-places, sometimes calling the country-people to join with them in their worship. Thus, as one was going to preach in a cave of Cwmhwplin, near Llandyssil, he saw a number of people dancing on a field near Pant y Blawd, in the parish of Llanegwad. He stopped his horse and called their leader to him, and said, 'If you will accompany me over the mountain you shall have a better amusement than you can get there.' The man consented, and followed him to the cave, where a large congregation had assembled. He was astonished to see such a number of people in such a place. Mr. Hughes proceeded with the service, and the truth had such an effect on the man's mind, that he became a decided religious character, and an eminent Christian from that day.



Time fails to tell of William Worth, the sainted rector of Llanvaches, of Walter Cradock, of William Erbury, of Vavasour Powell, of Henry Maurice, of Peter Williams, and all the innumerable race of Williamses; of William Jones, of Killmaenllwyd, and the innumerable race of Joneses; of Howell Harris, of Charles, of Bald, of Griffith, of Hughes. Neither can we enter into the Great American Controversy. We commend to our readers the words of Mr. Rees, premising that the italics are our own:—

‘To enable the reader to see at one glance the gradual progress of Nonconformity in the Principality during the last hundred and fifty years, we give the number of congregations at five different periods:—

1716	1742	1775	1816	1861.
110.	105.	171.	993.	2927.

‘The Welsh are now emphatically a nation of Nonconformists. The bulk of the very small minority, who make up the congregations of the Established Church, are Emigrants from England, and some Anglicized Welshmen.

‘Desperate efforts were made by Churchmen in former ages to crush Nonconformity by persecution. In the present age they have changed their policy, and attempt to accomplish the same thing by means of National or Church schools. Enormous sums have been and are still voted by the Committee of Council on Education towards the establishment and support of such schools in districts where hardly any but the children of Nonconformists could be expected to attend them. *Time will tell whether a body of schoolmasters will succeed in accomplishing, in the nineteenth century, what hosts of clergymen, by preaching, persecution, and heading violent mobs, and a large number of furious magistrates, by inflicting heavy fines, imprisonments, and various other punishments, have utterly failed to accomplish in the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries.*

‘The present attitude of Churchmen and Nonconformists in Wales towards each other is extremely disagreeable. Churchmen, especially the clergy, regard the prevalence of Nonconformity as a great evil, and consequently keep aloof from their Nonconforming neighbours, and refuse to co-operate with them in the promotion of any benevolent or philanthropic scheme: the Nonconformists, on the other hand, consider it as the greatest blessing ever conferred upon the Welsh nation, and regard the connection of the Episcopal Church with the State as the real source of all the persecutions which have disgraced former ages, and of most of the bigotry, ill-feeling, and religious jealousies which disgrace the present age. The contents of the foregoing pages may enable the impartial reader to decide which of the two opinions is the correct one.’

We heartily thank our excellent friend for his admirable volume, the result of a thorough acquaintance with his subject, and deep sympathy with it.

## VI.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

IN Cemeteries and corporation burial grounds we have often, and usually had offensively, brought before us the attempt to place upon Dissenters the brand of civil inequality, but we never had this lesson read to us so distinctly and insolently, as in a visit we paid the other day, by invitation, to the Great Northern Cemetery, receiving a ticket, inviting us to meet with a number of Dissenting ministers, to go over the grounds to survey the accommodations, and afterwards to meet at a luncheon provided by the company; We very naturally supposed that the directors were prepared to inter the old superstitions in the new tombs. With the arrangements for transit and for reception we were abundantly satisfied. We were conducted to two chapels, and informed that both were for Nonconformists: they seemed to us as grim and ungraceful, and suggestive of mortuary and vault-like associations, as such buildings usually are. Some two or three hundred yards further on we looked upon another, somewhat more cheerful stack of buildings, in a pleasant little hollow; this, we supposed, was the ecclesiastical structure; our ignorance was rebuked; we were informed it was the stables. Some considerable distance further on we came to the Church of England burial ground. Never in any previous instance did we see the line so distinctly drawn; it marked an entire and altogether ungraceful separation; the distinction was marked by walls, and ornamented crockets and pinnacles, and iron railings, and a road running between the two grounds. At last we reached the church, a most elegant structure—we may say, a little gem—with its conspicuous spire rising like a finger over the whole country, crowning a pleasant knoll. Upon this building the company, we understood, had expended between £4,000 and £5,000. The Nonconformist benches were, of course, uncushioned; the Ecclesiastical mourners, we found, were to have their feelings soothed with pleasant cushions. In the Nonconformist cemetery not a mausoleum, not a vault could be obtained; beneath the church we found a magnificent arrangement of vaults and tombs. To crown all, we found the fees were the same in either ground, so that Nonconformists who interred in the part appropriated to themselves, would really pay for all the costly outlay by which the company chose to insult them. We believe we are also right in inferring, that for every body interred, the clergyman of the parish in which the death took place, will receive from the company a shilling, an equitable method of

bringing the Great Northern Cemetery into popularity. On the whole, we never met with a more indecorous assault upon the civic character of the Nonconformist from a public company. Clergymen and statesmen have a prescriptive right to do such things; from a commercial company the outrage is neither to be expected, nor tolerated. We are glad to be able to say, that after the luncheon, Dr. Massie, in a speech most concise, yet comprehensive, and not less courteous than it was distinct and firm, represented to the chairman of the company, Charles Harrison, Esq., who presided, the dissatisfaction of the ministers present. There were but few moments permitted by the train for the audible expression of opinion; but the Rev. John Kennedy, M.A., of Stepney, followed Dr. Massie, and heartily supported him, their views being also echoed by many other ministers present—the Revs. A. M. Henderson, H. B. Ingram, J. Corbin, J. Viney, O'Neil, Forsaith, Paxton Hood, &c., &c. We feel justified in calling the attention of our readers to this matter. We trust the arrangements will be altered in this and in every such case, not, as Dr. Massie said, by the reduction of the Nonconformists' fee, but by the placing Nonconformists in all circumstances of comfort and respectability on terms of equality with the members of the Established Church. We know how in death the marble sneers upon the plainer stone, and the tomb scowls upon the hillock, but there is no necessity to support public burial companies, who dare to lay themselves out to maintain invidious distinctions in the grave.

---

**'PRECIOUS TREASURE THOU ART MINE.'**—The *Tablet* of August 3rd entertains its readers with the following curious and satisfactory piece of information, extracted from the *Madrid Gazette*:—

**'THE ARM OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.**—The commission charged to carry back to Barcelona the right arm of St. John the Baptist left this city yesterday. The remarkable relic had been taken from Barcelona, to which place it belongs, to the Oratory of the Queen, and the happy accouchement of her Majesty is ascribed to its influence. This holy relic was the object of great veneration on the part of the pious persons of Madrid all the time it was exposed in the church of San Francisco el Grande. The nuns were not deprived of the privilege of adoring it. The Venerable Prior Commissioner, accompanied by the three members of his Order, having presented the precious treasure in each of the twenty-eight chapels of the convents of this capital.'

Thus Rome now, as ever, is ready with impostures and gullibilities.